

FIFTY CENTS *

AUGUST 22, 1969

THE MAFIA v. AMERICA

TIME





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And our air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound so you don't have to sit in one

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We put all these good things in because we think a great stereo should sound a lot better than it looks.

And even though you can't see it, it's nice to know that the stuff inside is even more beautiful than the package.

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Trinidad-Tesoro Petroleum Company Limited

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Government of Trinidad and Tobago

and

Tesoro Petroleum Corporation

has purchased

all the British Petroleum Group's land and marine
oil and gas producing properties located in Trinidad.

The undersigned assisted in this transaction.

E. F. Hutton

E. F. Hutton & Company Inc.

New York Los Angeles Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas
Detroit Houston Kansas City New Orleans San Francisco Tucson

July 28, 1969

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Often during the summer, TV screens are lit by star-studded movies to break the rerun blues. But rarely are there so many name-dropping films in a row:

Thursday, Aug. 21 (CBS, 9-11 p.m.): **"DIAMOND HEAD"**, with Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux, George Chakiris, France Nuyen and James Darren.

Friday, Aug. 22 (CBS, 9-11 p.m.): **GOD'S LITTLE ACRE**, with Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray, Buddy Hackett and Tina Louise.

Saturday, Aug. 23 (NBC, 9-11 p.m.): **THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING**, with Burl Ives and Hal Holbrook.

Sunday, Aug. 24 (ABC, 8-10:45 p.m.): **IS PARIS BURNING?**, with Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Robert Stack, Orson Welles and half of the acting world.

Monday, Aug. 25 (NBC, 8:30-11 p.m.): **A HOLE IN THE HEAD**, with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, Eleanor Parker, Eddie Hodges and Thelma Ritter.

Tuesday, Aug. 26 (NBC, 9-11 p.m.): **GAMES**, with Simone Signoret and Katherine Ross.

For those who want more:

Wednesday, August 20
KRAFT MUSIC HALL FROM HAWAII (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Host Don Ho hums along with Guests Bobby Goldsboro and the comedy team of Stiller and Meara.

Saturday, August 23
THE \$150,000 AVCO CLASSIC (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). The third round of golf from the Pleasant Valley Country Club in Sutton, Mass. The final round will be seen on Sunday from 4:30 to 6 p.m.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Little League Baseball World Series from Williamsport, Pa.

Sunday, August 24
SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). "To Be Black," explores the psychological problems of the American Negro based on the work of black Psychiatrists William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, authors of *Black Rage*.

SOUNDS OF SUMMER (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). Pete Seeger and the Hudson River Sloop Singers give a performance aboard the *Clearwater*, a replica of the sloops that sailed New York's Hudson River during the 1800s.

Monday, August 25
PUEBLO: A QUESTION OF INTELLIGENCE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). An examination of the Pueblo incident and its implications.

Tuesday, August 26
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Deals with a ghost hunter who investigates strange happenings in a haunted house.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Erich Leinsdorf, Music Director of the Boston Symphony, rehearses the young players of the New England Conservatory of Music's senior orchestra in Mahler's *Symphony No. 1*.

THE DICK CAVETT SHOW (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Dick's guests are ex-Senator Wayne Morse, Dr. Lendon Smith and Singer John Lee Hooker.

* All times E.D.T.

TIME, AUGUST 22, 1969

6 brrr's by M&Rrrr (MMMM!)

Martini & Rossi puts its own special kind of brrr into summer. Imported M&R, you see, is delightfully different in taste from any other vermouth. People like this difference so well M&R is the nation's No. 1 vermouth.

(1) Negroni (1/2 Sweet M&R, 1/2 gin, 1/2 Campari bitters. Serve on rocks with splash of soda).

(2) Americano (Three ozs. Sweet M&R over ice cubes.

Three dashes Campari bitters. Fill with soda. Add lemon peel).

(3) Sweet M&R on the Rocks. (4) Extra Dry M&R on the Rocks.

(5) Manhattan on the Rocks. (6) Martini on the Rocks.

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.



If everybody's tastes were the same,
we'd brew just one kind of beer.

The Springtime
change-of-taste beer.

Smooth and mellow.



the **1** The No. 1 family of quality beers.

But you know, and Meister Bräu knows, that everybody's tastes aren't the same. That's why Meister Bräu gives you more fine beers to choose from to suit your individual taste. There's one just right for you! Meister Bräu Premium, for those who prefer a bolder, livelier taste in beer. Meister Bräu Draft, the beer with a smoother, mellower taste. Meister Bräu Lite, the full-strength beer with $\frac{1}{3}$ LESS CALORIES than our regular beer.

Meister Bräu gives you more

The prestige beer
of Germany.

Big, bold and lively.

Light and lusty.



Meister Bräu Bock, the Springtime change-of-taste beer. And Henninger, Germany's prestige beer, imported for those who want true Old World flavor. Each beer brewed for unsurpassed excellence.

We never compromise on quality. All our beers are brewed from the finest, most costly grades of ingredients . . . with more care and patience . . . and with great pride in our long heritage of brewing fine beers since 1838. If you're not already enjoying Meister Bräu, do so soon. Whether you pour it for yourself, or for friends, there is nothing finer.

of what you drink beer for.

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Amsterdam. And you thought Irish only flew to Ireland.

You didn't know that Amsterdam is an Irish city! So are twenty-four other European cities outside the Emerald Isle. On your way, going or coming, we can arrange a splendid vacation bargain... Ireland itself, for no extra air fare! Ask your Travel Agent.

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STRAW HAT

In the last weeks of summer, many productions are being mounted that should tempt theatergoers, be they classics buffs, lovers of drama...or fond of a spontaneous laugh or engaging melody:

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES is a sometimes shocking drama about homosexuality in a prison. Frank Vohs and Frank Savino play Queenie and Smitty at the Hampton Playhouse, Hampton, N.H., Aug. 18-23.

MIRAGE takes place amid the tensions and sudden revelations of a courtroom and in the dogmatic mind of the judge. This new play by John White, starring Earl Bowen and Ann Hackney, premieres at the Dartmouth Summer Repertory Theater, Hanover, N.H., on dates between Aug. 18 and 29.

THE RATTLE OF A SIMPLE MAN, a comedy about a middle-aged chemist who finds a measure of happiness with an imaginative prostitute, is the feature at the Hutchinson Theater in Raymond, N.H., Aug. 20-30.

TWELFTH NIGHT offers its comical Shakespearean turns at the Monomoy Theater in Chatham, Mass., Aug. 20-23.

CAMINO REAL, Tennessee Williams' allegory of our times as viewed in a time-less dream, boasts such memorable characters as Casanova, Camille, Byron and Kilroy. At the Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass., Aug. 18-30.

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING, a three-piece suite about sex, will evoke the laughter of recognition from audiences in Williamstown, Mass., Aug. 19-23.

THREE SUMMERSONGS are three one-acters, including Jules Feiffer's *The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergen-deller*, *The Nine O'Clock Mail*, a comic study of obsession with the U.S. Post Office by Howard Sackler (*The Great White Hope*), and Slawomir Mrozek's *Out at Sea*, a parody on Polish politics. Craft Experimental Theater, Brookline, Mass. Through Aug. 30.

LUV allows for many complications in the lives of three characters. Murray Schisgal's comedy opens for a week in Southbury, Conn., on Aug. 19.

SCHWEIK IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR is not altogether unlike the Good Soldier Schweik of W.W.I., but Bertolt Brecht made him a subject of even broader comedy. Woodstock, N.Y., Aug. 19-24.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU has been proven over and over again, but this time the Kaufman and Hart comedy about a zany family will delight visitors to the Pennsylvania State Festival Theater, University Park, Pa., Aug. 20-30.

TAKE ME ALONG is Bob Merrill's musical version of the Eugene O'Neill classic, *Ah, Wilderness!*, which focuses on the problems of a Connecticut family at the turn of the century. It will be staged at Boiling Springs, Pa., Aug. 19-31.

ON TIME, a new musical revue of the generation gap through the ages, has music by Charles Burr and stars Alfred Drake. Gaithersburg, Md., Aug. 26-31.

I DO I DO stars Carol Lawrence in the Kenley Players production at Warren, Ohio, Aug. 19-23.

DTLAN, biographical sketches of the language-loving poet by Sidney Michaels, is at the Frostwood Circle Theater near Dayton, Aug. 20-31.

THE FANTASTICKS is the ne'er dying story with ne'er dying songs about a girl and boy in love, their fathers, and a wall.

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, BLAND, DELICATE LITTLE DAIQUIRI...



STAYAWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.



Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

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Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 85 Proof.

"There's some nut
out here who says
he's going to build a
wall in your office
in 90 seconds!"



Nut? That's our sales rep! And, he's ready to demonstrate Formica movable wall... about the most sensible movable wall you can use. It has all the privacy and sound insulation of a permanent wall with none of the maintenance problems. An unlimited choice of colors and rich wood grains; too.

Formica movable wall is a permanent wall... until you want to move it. And that's when the cost savings stand up and get counted. Better have her show the nut in



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Gentlemen:

- ☐ I'd like to see your sales rep and his 90 second demonstration.
☐ Send me literature on the Formica permanent wall that moves.

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George Chakiris and Meredith MacRae (Gordon MacRae's daughter) will play the leads at the Houston Music Theater, Houston, Aug. 19-31.

THE THREE SISTERS. Chekhov's drama will be revived by San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater at the Ravinia Theater Festival in Chicago, Sept. 3-14.

SONG OF NORWAY, with Edvard Grieg's music, puts Anne Jeffreys and Bill Hayes in top billing at the Melody Top Tent in Milwaukee, Aug. 19-31.

THE ODD COUPLE attempt to set up bachelor housekeeping, with results as disastrous as their marriages. Robert Vaughn and Sherwood Price are the stars at the Sir John Falstaff Theater, St. Louis, through Aug. 31.

UNCLE VANYA, another Chekhov favorite, will be staged by Harold Clurman with a cast that includes Richard Basehart, Joseph Wiseman, Ruth McDavitt and Pamela Tiffin, at the Mark Taper Forum, Los Angeles, Aug. 21-Oct. 5.

MARAT/SADE with its half historical, half mad scenes from the insane asylum at Charenton, will be performed by A Contemporary Theater in Seattle, Aug. 19-30.

CINEMA

TRUE GRIT offers ample proof that John Wayne is alive and well at 62. In possibly his finest role, the Duke plays a hard-drinking frontier marshal who hires on with a teen-age girl (Kim Darby) to bring her father's murderer to justice. Wayne has the time of his life, and movie audiences will find the feeling infectious.

THE WILD BUNCH. Director Sam Peckinpah renders a vast canvas of the waning West in this drama of men who insist on living by their own outmoded moral code. The performances are faultless and the film is one of the year's best.

EASY RIDER. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper ride their motorcycles cross-country looking for the true meaning of America. The film (directed by Hopper, produced by Fonda and co-authored by Terry Southern) is by turns sensitive and embarrassing—and at its best when it shows with compassion the places and faces of mid-America.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Nicol Williamson plays a heartless member of the English aristocracy yearning for the love of a brazen movie usherette (Anna Karina) in this skillful adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's novel.

MARRY ME, MARRY ME. Claude Rains (*The Two of Us*) wrote and directs this wistful comedy about the trials of courtship in a French Jewish family.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Dustin Hoffman and Newcomer Jon Voight are the real points

TIME Inc. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and with subsidiaries the International editions of Time and Life. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Wrenn. President, Executive Committee, Roy E. Lichtenstein. Chairman, Executive Committee, Otto F. Pfeiffer. Chairman of the Finance Committee, D. W. Birmingham. Senior Vice President, Bernard M. Auer. General Vice President, Arthur W. Kessler. Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Collins. Vice President-International, Charles E. Blair. Vice President, Controller and Secretary, John E. Harvey. Vice Presidents, Clifton A. Adams, Rhetta Angell, R. M. Buckley, Richard M. Clerman, Otto F. Pfeiffer, Charles E. Johnson, Jr., Robert C. Gordon, John L. Hallenbeck, James N. Hatley, Peter S. Hopkins, Nelson E. Jones, Henry J. Lee III, Walter Pullen, Jr., Herbert D. Schatz, James R. Shepley, Arthur H. Tashnick, Jr., George V. Thibault, M. Wilson, Treasurer, Richard D. McKeough, Assistant Treasurer, Edward H. Dolben, J. Van S. Ingals, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, George J. Messersmith, Assistant Secretary, William E. Bostine.

How to lose a lot of ugly corporate fat.

Go on the National Boulevard Bank diet plan. It'll streamline your corporate figure by cutting down the time you spend on endless paperwork. Like payrolls. Collecting accounts. And paying freight bills. So you save money while you lose fat.

National Boulevard can take over all your payroll accounting and preparation. We'll prepare checks. And we'll give you reports on taxes and unemployment insurance. You can have the checks issued direct to your employees. Or you can have them deposited in their checking accounts.

We'll pay your freight bills. As soon as we get a draft from your carrier, we pay it and charge your account. Your bills are paid on time and you avoid penalties. National Boulevard will collect your receivables, too. Payments are mailed to a private lock box at the post office. We make pickups several times a day, credit the payments to your account, and furnish whatever records you need.

If you're transferring people into town, we'll help them find places to live. Besides handling mortgages, we'll give advice on living conditions, taxes, schools, transportation, municipal services. All the things people like to know before they move in.

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Get on it.

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of interest in John Schlesinger's somewhat slick rendering of James Leo Herlihy's novel of love and loneliness in New York City.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. In the context of recent achievements, Stanley Kubrick's epic film deserves another look. Combining machinery and metaphysics in his tale of a voyage to Jupiter, Kubrick creates a cosmic morality play to which the flight of Apollo 11 adds a tantalizing immediacy.

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL. Another slight and savage comedy by Philippe de Broca. *Devil* follows a slick Gallic seducer (Yves Montand) on his rounds. Montand could well become the new Bogart if he weren't already so good as the old Montand.

POPL. The plight of the poor is told with humor and bite in this surprisingly successful comedy. Alan Arkin is magnificent as a Puerto Rican widower with three jobs, struggling to get his children out of a New York ghetto.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whales' life cycle and the mysterious deep with a mixture of fact and feeling that invokes Melville's memory.

ALLEN GINSBERG IN AMERICA, by Jane Kramer. Earnest, articulate and somehow despairingly sanguine, Allen Ginsberg has evolved from a minor poet to major cult

figure—a kind of one-man air ferry between bohemian and Brahmin traditions. Wisely perhaps, Author Kramer concentrates on the life rather than the works.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by Peter Kropotkin. The absorbing autobiography of a 19th century Russian prince turned anarchist, who paid for his ideals in stretches of penury and imprisonment.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1948, by Theodore H. White. White is just as diligent as he was when recounting the victories of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. But this time his protagonist lacks the flamboyance to fire up White's romantic mind, and as a result, a slight pall hangs over much of the book.

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES, by Lovat Dickson. Wells sold the masses on the future and the utopia that science would bring, but Dickson's biography shows that inside the complacent optimist a desperate pessimist was signaling wildly to get out.

ISAAC BABEL: YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING, edited by Nathalie Babel. Newly translated short stories, abrupt prose exercises and journalistic sketches by the brilliant Russian-Jewish writer purged by Stalin demonstrate the individuality that was both Babel's genius and his death warrant.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. A former *New York Times* staffer journeys far behind the headlines and bylines for a gossipy analysis of the workings and power struggles within the nation's most influential newspaper.

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing. In the final novel of her *Children of Violence* series, the author takes Heroine

Martha Quest from World War II to the present. Then the meticulous, disturbing book proceeds into the future to demonstrate the author's extrasensory conviction that global disaster is at hand.

THE YEAR OF THE YOUNG REBELS, by Stephen Spender. Mingling on the barricades with American and European student radicals, the Old Left poet and veteran of Spanish Civil War politics reports humanely on New Left ideals and spirit.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (1 last week)
2. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (4)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (3)
4. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (2)
5. *The Pretenders*, Davis (6)
6. *Ada*, Nabokov (5)
7. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (7)
8. *A Place in the Country*, Gainham
9. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (9)
10. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (2)
2. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (1)
3. *The Making of the President '68*, White (3)
4. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (4)
5. *Between Parent and Child*, Ginott (5)
6. *Jennie*, Martin (8)
7. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (10)
8. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (6)
9. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig
10. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (7)

One of a kind



No other distiller makes his whiskey the same way we make Seagram's 7 Crown.

So no other whiskey has the same smooth taste.

Or the same consistently fine quality.

And guess what.

No other brand of whiskey is asked for as often as 7 Crown.

It figures, doesn't it?

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey.
86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

The Revolution in Media Buying

Reaching customers, not just people, has become a media man's biggest job.

BEER

Heavy users—the people who have at least a couple of beers every day—are the ones who really count to beer advertisers.

That's because heavy users account for most of the beer an advertiser is trying to sell.

In Chicago, for instance, only 14% of the men consume a whopping 62% of the beer sold here.

BEER USAGE			
Daily Personal Usage	Percent of Men		Percent of Total Product Usage
Non-Users (none)	39%		12%
			26%
Infrequent Users (Less than 1 Glass)	28%	/	62%
Regular Users (1 or 2 Glasses)	19%		
Heavy Users (More than 2 Glasses)	14%		

Source: Chicago S.M.E.A.—1967 Brand Rating 1-10, 1967

Similar figures exist for virtually every other product category.

The revolutionary trick for an advertising media man is to reach those heavy users. To reach them while avoiding wasted efforts (and money) on non-consumers.

It's a trick—but a fairly easy one in Chicago.

The Consumer Data Bank

Our Chicago Consumer Data Bank has brought together all the market and media data it takes to isolate the heavy user—and identify his media preferences.

At the same time, the Bank can spot less thirst segments of the market.

The Chicago Consumer Data Bank is really a library of computer tapes on which we've stored all the Brand Rating Index information broken-out for the Chicago Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area.

We've been able to do it through an exclusive arrangement with BRI.

The Brand Rating Index, as you may know, is a total behavioral inventory of individual consumers. It tells who buys how much of what products identifying the heavy users for you.

Then provides a demographic profile of your customers. And it analyzes the "media consumption"—tells what they watch, read, and listen to.

For a media man, the results are always useful. And sometimes surprising.

For instance, consider Chicago beer drinkers.

In Chicago, the heavy user is likely to be 18-49 years old with a household income of up to \$9999. There are five or more people in his household, he has kids, he attended high school, and he's got a job—probably in crafts and skills.

His favorite brands in Chicago, running almost neck and neck, are Schlitz and Budweiser.

But the big question is—what's the best media mix to reach him in Chicago. That's what our data bank tells you.

And a lot more, besides.

An incredible wealth of data

The point, is the Chicago Consumer Data Bank can provide advertisers with an incredible wealth of data about product categories, individual brands within those categories, the people who buy those brands, and their media preferences.

Just for example, the Chicago Consumer Data Bank can compute the net reach of up to 35 different media vehicles (soon to be 80) and profile your audience for up to 20 different factors (including demographics and product usage).

Or evaluate the effectiveness of your national media plan translation for Chicago.

Or give you a profile of the audience added by substituting individual media vehicles in your schedule.

And it's all free to advertisers and their agencies. There are absolutely no strings attached.

Not because we're great altruists. But because we want to sell space in our papers—The Chicago Sun-Times and the Chicago Daily News.

And we're convinced that a totally objective analysis of the Chicago market—with the media available to reach it—will win us some business among advertisers who want to buy customers in Chicago—not just people.

For more information, call or write Marketing Services Dept., Newspaper Division, Field Enterprises, 401 N. Wabash, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (312) 321-2770.

Chicago Sun-Times/Daily News Consumer Data Bank

A Free Service to Help You Communicate with Chicago.

Would removing 99% of the pollen in the air help your allergy?

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Sneezing. Runny red eyes. Wheezy breathing. You know the symptoms . . . the allergy problems that can be caused by dirty, pollenated air. And it isn't just dirty air outdoors—the air inside your home *can* be just as irritating.

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LETTERS

Hail to the Duke

Sir: "Now listen, and listen tight..." I can't tell you what a pleasure it was to open my mailbox this week and find John Wayne mounted on his faithful steed [Aug. 8] staring at me.

As usual, your reporter did an excellent job. His portrait of one of the last of the rugged individualists was as good as mom's apple pie and as carefully woven as granny's old shawl.

Many, many thanks from one who grew up with Sergeant Striker, Big Jim McLain, John T. Chance, et al.

WILLIAM N. WOODWORTH
Ashtabula, Ohio

Sir: If the John Wayne kind of man ever perishes—the kind of hero who sees moral conflict in black and white terms and political conflict in terms of freedom or slavery—then all the evasions, half-truths and compromises of today's collectivist mentalities will not be sufficient to instill in mankind a passion for life. It is only by the grace of heroes that civilization continues.

BRIAN WRIGHT

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sir: Wayne's politics is irrelevant to us young Americans today. As cowboy, he is the charismatic hero of a generation painfully aware of its placelessness in its own country: typically a stranger, he arrives in town with the unalocated perspective which we youth have, plus the power—albeit on his hip—which we would have.

The cowboy Wayne would defer self-knowledge for moral involvement and devote his life to justice for the very local folk from whom he is hopelessly severed. He is one who has managed to translate his alienation into a noble life style. He is our existential hero who dares to burst out of his lifeless anonymity and assert his ideals in that longed-for reality of time and place. The Wayne cowboy is the us who happen.

E. GORDON DALBY JR.

Palo Alto, Calif.

Questions of Standards

Sir: I was astounded at the results of your Harris poll on the Kennedy affair [Aug. 8]. If 68% of the people of this country condone Kennedy's actions in connection with the recent accident, then we are in real trouble—because our moral standards have completely decayed. If this individual was physically capable of walking back to the party, he surely was physically capable of going to the nearest residence to summon professional help. If his story is true, he is unable to think for himself and must be told what to do by his battery of advisers. He still needs a nanny to blow his nose.

R. C. LEE

Los Angeles

Sir: One wonders if the other Senator from Massachusetts had been involved in a similar situation, whether these same people would have felt so charitable.

(MRS.) ALICE C. BERGERON

York, Me.

Sir: The popular theory, sponsored by Senator Kennedy himself, that he "lost his cool" is not supported by fact. Events on that tragic night show that the Kennedy machine swung coolly and efficiently into action under the Senator's personal di-

rection and in a scant few hours devised a master strategy. We can but marvel at the Senator's determination and the ruthless power of his political apparatus. Or should we be just a bit frightened?

R. M. PITTS

Arlington, Va.

Sir: He was quick to criticize, from the safety of the Senate, the tactics of our generals at Hamburger Hill. At that time, he knew everything about saving lives. Unfortunately, he wasn't that quick-witted on the night of the accident. If he had any real greatness about him, he would have resigned without hesitation.

WALTER E. NAUMANN

Baltimore

Sir: Aw c'mon fellas—Senator Kennedy has already lost his driver's license. What do you want? Remember, as Mrs. Rose Kennedy said, "It's how one copes that counts, not what happens." With all due respect to that lady, let us remember how her youngest son did cope: He ran away and started a conspiracy of silence.

So let us go forward into the breach and, in the true spirit of James Michael Curley, re-elect the Senator in 1970 and forget the rest.

MARY ELLEN CAMPBELL

Fort Myers, Fla.

Sir: No mention has been made of whether or not the Senator was wearing shoes when he returned to the hotel. As anyone who has taken a lifesaving course can testify, swimming and diving are very difficult with shoes on. Senator Kennedy, after suffering a concussion and in a state of shock, claims to have dived repeatedly to the sunken car and then swam the channel. This would have been difficult for an experienced swimmer, but incredible for a man in his condition, wearing a back brace and all his clothes. If he was also wearing shoes, it would be unbelievable.

GORDON SHELTON

Baltimore

Sir: Why is it wrong for a Kennedy to invoke the family image in a time of crisis? After all, he is part of it, and even millions of jealous Americans cannot deny that fact. Americans hate the Kennedys alive and then adore them in death. They forget that even now, Edward Kennedy's skill symbolizes to the world the strength of character, youth, burning intelligence and compassion of all America.

EMMANUEL AJIBADE

Lagos, Nigeria

Sir: We've all heard of the iron-willed theatrical mother who pushes and pushes her kids to the top. Those mothers could all take some lessons from Mrs. Rose Kennedy. She never takes "no" for an answer. No wonder tragedy has stalked the lives of this blighted family. A little humility is in order for all of them.

JIM BURNETT

Los Angeles

Sir: The Democrats should run Rose Kennedy for President. She is the only person who could make me switch parties.

JOHN ANKENBRUCK

Webster Groves, Mo.

Straight from the Heart

Sir: Re "The Moon and Middle America" [Aug. 1] and your statement: "He chatted on and on with somewhat feeble wit-

ticisms . . . its triviality was strongly at odds with the solemnity of what had been accomplished."

We know, at least, that the President did not resort to a ghost writer to express his sentiments on the solemn occasion. He spoke with beautiful simplicity right from his heart, which the astronauts apparently understood perfectly and enjoyed thoroughly. Would they have felt more at ease had the President delivered a dry, solemn, meaningless, lengthy speech that the enlightened intellectuals would have enjoyed interpreting and criticizing?

The U.S. needs more and more, lots more, "feeble witticisms" to counteract the gloom and despair spread by the gloomy, solemn, woebegone, doleful pessimists who claim to be Americans.

MARY MAHONY

Dallas

Sir: Remember when trying to "go to the moon" was a synonym for forget it? Well, we did it. We went to the moon. And your "middle America" was just the flagwaving contingent for 200 million people who were all, in their ways, flying just as high as NASA's *Columbia*, because maybe, just maybe, they all of a sudden realized that hunger and poverty and ghettos and education weren't all problems whose solutions were as distant as the moon.

ANNE EDWARDS

Radburn, N.J.

Sir: Yes, Apollo 11 was indeed a triumph of middle America. It showed what we and our values can create. That's one reason some of our liberal-radical detractors hate and fear the space program. They regard us of middle America as so many cows, to be milked without limit for their social programs. To keep us docile, they try to make us feel guilty for crimes we didn't commit, racial hatreds we don't feel (some of us are black too), poverty we didn't create. Apollo 11 smashed through that unearned guilt the way it punched through the Florida skies. Hearing "The Eagle has landed," no power on earth could have deprived us of the pride we had earned.

They tried, though. In our hour of triumph, while the *Eagle* was still on the moon, our carping critics kept on trying to suggest that we had no right to feel pride in Apollo because the poor were still poor. Back to the milking machine, old cow. Pride isn't for you.

But "The Eagle has landed," and we remember. We always will.

DAVID C. WILLIAMS

Albuquerque

What Will Be Left?

Sir: Your new section, Environment, is not only an achievement in itself, but it has also spotlighted the men of the year, Senators Muskie and Jackson.

While we zip to the moon, wage wars, fight poverty, create ever deadlier weapons, and generally confine our thinking to today's world, the Senators and intelligent conservationists everywhere are trying to forge a positive answer to the question: If man survives his political and economic blunders, will there be enough left of mother nature to make survival worth surviving for? Now if we could just set up an International Office of Environmental Quality.

MRS. GILBERT F. DONNELLY

Cleveland

Sir: When pesticides and weed killers were first introduced, I, like most laymen, accepted the verdict of those who claimed

to know, and took for granted that it was in keeping with the age of miracle drugs. Now I feel that the actual conditions are much more grim than you in your steel-and-concrete towers know.

For ten years I have worked here at the courthouse, and every year until last I saw hundreds and hundreds of the beautiful little pine siskin on the lawn, as the dandelions first went to seed. This year the tally was 17 or 18. And they didn't behave in a normal manner, for instead of spending a week or so here, they hung around as though lost until a few days ago—the last time I noted them.

We have always had dozens of robins on this lawn and other dozens on the lawns between here and home. This year our showed up on this lawn, two on the lawns between here and home. A cat got one of the four and now a third has disappeared. The lovely mountain bluebird nested everywhere in this town and the surrounding hamlets and farms. I can't vouch for anywhere but my daily route—but here we have exactly one pair.

We have feeders at home. Every year prior to the last two we fed dozens of juncos, chickadees, white-crowned sparrows and the like. And up here at the courthouse, I fed other dozens on snowy days. This year there's not a solitary one I haven't seen or heard a meadowlark in this neighborhood. Fast of here, across the divide, the bird population has always been ten times—at least visibly—what it is on this side. On May 18th, I drove over there. Not a single horned lark, sage, field or song sparrow, nor a solitary pipit. Driving on above Alder, I stopped at the mouth of Water Gulch, got out and walked up to it a few rods where I knew that it all was normal I would find

hundreds of these birds. I raised not a solitary bird.

My eyes and ears tell me that Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* has arrived.

ELI B. CHRISTENSEN
Phillipsburg, Mont.

Sir: I am grateful for your interest in clean water and in helping to make the public aware of areas of pollution [Aug. 1]. However, as mayor of the city of Erie, I take exception to your inference that all of Lake Erie is a cesspool. We are a tourist area, and Erie's beaches and boating facilities are open, and have been open for many years. Last year more than three and one-half million people visited Erie's Presque Isle State Park. Sixty lifeguards man-eleven beaches on the park. These beaches are tested weekly by the state and county health departments, and ten are open and have been open for bathing.

LOUIS J. TULLIO
Mayor
Erie, Pa.

► *TIME* did not mean to imply that the city of Erie has unsafe beaches. We stated that only three of Lake Erie's U.S. beaches are rated safe for swimming but did not specify that one of the three is Presque Isle State Park, which is subdivided into eleven beaches. That ten of these are safe attests to the city's positive efforts to control pollution.

No Dolce Vita

Sir: You speak of Prince Souvanna Phouma "vacationing in France" [Aug. 1] while the North Vietnamese invasion in Laos is again making headlines. After a trip to

London, where he met again with Prime Minister Wilson for his country's sake, and before going to Paris to meet with President Pompidou and some members of the new French government for the same reason, the Prime Minister of Laos spent exactly three weeks on a cure for stomach troubles at one of the quietest and most remote of French spas, Plombières in the Vosges. This was no *dolce vita* on the Riviera with parties and yachts.

PRINCESS MOUNE
SOUVANNA PHOUMA SIEGELTZ
Marseille

Getting the Vibrations

Sir: Earphoned to Mancini and Exercising, I skimmed your leisure article [Aug. 8] over a No-Cal snack while the Mrs. filmed the natives here at Loaferlux Ranch. As I started to ponder it, I felt like turning my vibrator belt up to "die," but the Bar-B-Q starts at 8 sharp, and I'll never find the Mrs. in the crowd if I don't hurry. God, I'd like to Dictaphone more, but you know how it is.

CHARLES LEE HORSTMANN
Houston

Sir: Your article on Staffan Linder's book *The Harried Leisure Class* brings to memory an apropos little poem I once learned:

*Time goes, you say,
Ah no,
Time stays,
We go.*

DAVID W. HANNUM
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Address Letters to the Editor to *TIME* & *LIFE*, Mail Stop, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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The "fat time of day:" that's when eating becomes over-eating. Read how sugar can keep it from happening.

*"Right now, I need
all the help I can get."*



The "fat time of day" is at mealtime. When you're really hungry and likely to overeat.

That's the time your appetat* is turned up.

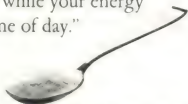
The trick is to turn down your appetat shortly before mealtime. A little sugar, in a soft drink, or a candy bar can be a big help.

Sugar turns into energy faster than any other food.

Sugar helps your appetite stay down while your energy stays up. And you're safely past the "fat time of day."

*Sugar... only 18 calories per teaspoon,
and it's all energy.*

*"A neural center in the hypothalamus
believed to regulate appetite."—
Webster's Third New International Dictionary.



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 22, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 8

THE NATION

HOMAGE TO THE MEN FROM THE MOON

We were very privileged to leave on the moon a plaque endorsed by you, Mr. President, saying: "For all of mankind." Perhaps in the third millennium a wayward stranger will read that plaque at Tranquility Base. We'll let history mark that this was the age in which that became a fact. I was struck this morning in New York by a proudly waved but uncarefully scribbled sign. It said: "Through you, we touched the moon." It was our privilege today to touch America. I suspect that perhaps the most warm, genuine feeling that all of us could receive came through the cheers and shouts and, most of all, the smiles of our fellow Americans. We hope and think that those people shared our belief that this is the beginning of a new era—the beginning of an era when man understands the universe around him and the beginning of the era when man understands himself.

NETHE Armstrong's words to President Nixon in Los Angeles last week seemed all the more eloquent because they were unstudied, and because for once the usually phlegmatic voice of the first man on the moon quavered with emotion. His fellow astronauts were equally moved by the climax of their triumphant day-long sweep across the entire U.S. Mike Collins declared himself "proud to be an inhabitant of this most magnificent planet." Said Buzz Aldrin: "This is an honor to all Americans who believed, who persevered with us. We can do what we will and must and want to do."

The eloquence of the Apollo 11 trio provided the finest moments of Richard Nixon's elaborate state dinner in their honor. Nixon stage-managed the program for the ballroom of the Century Plaza Hotel, summoning the Marine Drum and Bugle Corps from Washington, decreeing that a song be written and performed for the occasion. The President himself approved the menu right down to the *clair de lune* dessert, a sphere of ice cream topped with a tiny American flag. Pat Nixon personally okayed the table decorations, which included gold napkins and cloths, flower centerpieces and

twinkling five-pronged candelabra. The state dinner for the astronauts was held the farthest ever afield from Washington: it was the costliest (about \$50,000) and the biggest of all time (1,440 guests, v. the 140 normally accommodated in the White House State Dining Room).

No Autographs. "Everyone coming is a dignitary in his own right," a White House spokesman proclaimed before the dinner. Chief Justice Warren Burger was there, the whole Cabinet except Attorneys General John Mitchell (who was addressing the American Bar Association convention in Dallas), 44 Governors, 50 Senators and Representatives, and ambassadors and *chefs d'affaires* from 83 lands. Other guests included Nixon Friends Bebe Rebozo and Billy Graham, Aerospacemen Wernher von Braun and Wili Messerschmitt, and a nostalgic gallery of showbiz figures that included Rudy Vallee, Cesar Romero, Edgar Bergen and Gene Autry. Aviation Pioneers Howard Hughes and Charles

Lindbergh were invited, but neither broke his long, self-imposed seclusion to come.

Democrats were thin on the ground at Nixon's party. Hubert Humphrey and Lester Maddox came, but no invitations went to either Edward Kennedy or California's junior Senator, Alan Cranston. On the other hand, Republican Barry Goldwater turned up with his son Barry Jr., 31, newly elected to Congress, who wanted to collect autographs from the astronauts at the head table during dinner. "It's all right," Presidential Special Assistant Dwight Chapin told him coldly. "But if you do, you'll never be invited to another White House function." Young Goldwater desisted.

Not Summer but Western. Nixon was very much the impresario. He gestured like a would-be conductor to *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, escorted Armstrong and then Collins around the floor between courses, stood to lead applause for the band during *The Marines' Hymn*, beamed paternally as he awarded the astronauts the Medal of Freedom.¹ Delightedly he announced that it was "the highest privilege I could have" to offer a concluding toast to Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins. The President seemed relaxed and already refreshed from his first few days of vacation in nearby San Clemente at his new Western White House. (He has passed the word that it is not to be called "the summer White House," a phrase that evidently conveys too little an image.)

Suddenly Silent. The President had only 50 miles to come by helicopter from San Clemente; for the astronauts, the trip to Los Angeles took a bit longer—124 hours and 3,875 miles from Houston in a hopscooting presidential jet. It was made easier by perfect weather along their route.

In all the long day, the eeriest moment came at the beginning of the Chicago ceremonies. As



NIXONS AT THE WESTERN WHITE HOUSE
Everything including the *clair de lune*

¹ The Medal of Freedom, the highest U.S. civilian award, was created in 1945 as a wartime decoration and received by John Kennedy in 1963 as an American counterpart to the Queen's best of Birthday Honors in Britain. In the Nixon Administration, the only other recipient has been Duke Ellington.



U.N. Secretary-General U Thant and New York's Mayor Lindsay greet astronauts as tour begins.

BURTON ACERISKY

Confetti showers astronauts as they move slowly through Chicago's crowded La Salle Street.





President Nixon gestures at state dinner in Los Angeles' Century Plaza Hotel.



Nixon presents medals to the widows of two astronauts, Mrs. Gus Grissom (left) and Mrs. Ed White.

Before the state dinner, a beaming President poses with Aldrin (left), Collins and Command Pilot Armstrong.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZIM COLLISON—CURT GUNTHER—CAMERA 8

the huge crowd quieted down, the familiar voice of John Kennedy, recorded during a 1961 special message to Congress, echoed across the vast, suddenly silent plaza. "I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to earth..." The hush acknowledged the setting of an awesome task only eight years ago, a time that seemed to be both very recent and oddly remote. The cheering that ensued was for the men who reached that ineffable goal—and for the nation that persevered to make it possible.

THE WAR

End of the Lull

While the nation rejoiced with the astronauts, the war in Viet Nam took a grim turn. For two months, a lull had hung over South Viet Nam's battlefields and U.S. diplomats and military men debated its meaning. Many of the diplomats argued that the decline in combat signaled a favorable response from Hanoi to U.S. troop withdrawals and meant that there would soon be progress in the deadlocked Paris peace talks. But the combat commanders contended that the enemy was using the pause only to prepare for a new offensive. Last week the Communists apparently settled the argument.

In one 24-hour period, the enemy launched coordinated attacks against 137 towns and U.S. installations across much of the country. In the sharpest fighting since last February's post-Tet offensive, Communist rockets and mortar shells rained down on Saigon, Hue and Danang. Rested and re-equipped North Vietnamese divisions assaulted American fortifications and important towns in South Viet Nam's central provinces. The most intense attacks were aimed at three vulnerable provinces some 75 miles above Saigon—Tay Ninh, Binh Long and Phuoc Long.

The new attacks caused a sharp rise in U.S. casualties. In the first day of fighting, 94 Americans were killed; by week's end, the toll rose to about 200. But the Communists paid dearly: left behind on the battlefields were some 3,000 enemy bodies. U.S. military experts reckoned that the attacks represented the start of the Communists' "autumn campaign" and a new strategy of relative military inaction interspersed with "high points." The aim: to erode American will and to prevent Saigon from consolidating political power.

Though last week's high point will not interfere with the already scheduled withdrawal of 25,000 troops this month, it may upset President Nixon's plans to pull out a total of perhaps 100,000 by year's end. The Administration has said that further withdrawals will depend partly on a decrease in the level of fighting. Thus, Hanoi's decision to intensify the fighting may well prompt a slowdown in the U.S. reduction of forces.

GREEN BERETS ON TRIAL

In the shadowy world of the intelligence agent, the phrase "to terminate with prejudice" means to blackball an agent administratively so that he cannot work again as an informer. When the phrase "to terminate with extreme prejudice" is used, it often becomes the cloak-and-dagger code for extermination. In June, just such an execution order reached a U.S. Special Forces outfit in a port city of South Viet Nam. Seven Green Beret officers and one enlisted man helped to carry it out. The upshot was their arrest and detention pending investigation. Last week, as the Army maintained total silence and a host of rumors swirled through offices and bars in Saigon, Washington and Green Beret headquarters at Fort Bragg, N.C., a

trial Office for Research and Studies), Chuyen was picked up in Tay Ninh near the Cambodian border and brought to Nha Trang for "hard" interrogation. Later he was taken to Saigon, shot full of sodium pentothal and given a lie-detector test. The interrogations convinced the Green Berets that Chuyen was a double agent serving Hanoi as well as the U.S. Because the CIA has overall responsibility for secret agents in Viet Nam, it was notified at once. The CIA sent the fatal reply: "Terminate with extreme prejudice." A few days later, the CIA countermanded its "extreme" order—but by then it was too late.

Chuyen had already been given a massive dose of morphine, bundled into a boat and shot to death with a .22-cal. pis-



COLONEL ROBERT B. RHEAULT

At least someone was speaking loud and clear.



GEORGE GREGORY

bizarre tale of counterespionage began to unfold.

The alleged crime centers around Special Forces Unit B-57 (code name: "Black Beard") located on Nha Trang airbase 190 miles northeast of Saigon. Like two other outfits (B-52 and B-55) operating in Viet Nam, B-57 is a Special Forces intelligence unit, commanded by Major David Crew of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, one of the eight under arrest. It was engaged in counterespionage along the borders of Laos and Cambodia, employing a network of 300 secret agents to spot enemy infiltrators, supply dumps and rest camps. One of its top agents was a Vietnamese national with the cover name of Thai Khac Chuyen.

Too Late. Early in June, B-57 received intelligence photos snapped in Cambodia by another of its spies showing Agent Chuyen in conversation with a man known to be a high official in the North Vietnamese intelligence system, the CNC (Cue Nghien Cuu—Cen-

tol. His body, weighted with chains, was dumped into either the deep, mud-bottomed Giang River or the South China Sea. Despite weeks of full-time dredging by three ships, Chuyen's body has not been recovered.

South Viet Nam literally swarms with spies and agents of all sorts. On the allied side alone, there are said to be at least 15 separate intelligence organizations, often antagonistic to one another. A roundup of suspected enemy spies and agents last month netted 69 prisoners, including Huynh Van Trong, a longtime friend of President Thieu's and his Special Assistant for Political Affairs. Rumors in Saigon at once linked the Green Beret case to the recent roundup.

Double Deaths. After arresting the Green Berets, the Army, both in Washington and Viet Nam, was being close-mouthed. Attorneys for the defense, most notably George Winfred Gregory, 31, from Cheraw, S.C., were speaking loud and clear. Gregory, a boyhood

friend of Major Thomas Middleton, one of the accused, flew to Saigon last week to handle the case. Authorities in Washington had not been helpful, groused Gregory. "All they were giving me," he said, "was passport instructions." Gregory claims to have it on good authority that last year some 160 double agents were executed, or ordered executed, by Americans. Because of this, the harsh treatment meted out to the eight baffles observers in Saigon and Congressmen in Washington, Gregory wonders aloud how any of the men can be charged with murder when "any killing that might have been done was in the carrying out of a lawful order."

Intensive Heat. At week's end the Army was still keeping silent and acting tough. Colonel Robert Rheault, a much-decorated West Pointer who commanded all Special Forces in Viet Nam, was being held in a house trailer. The seven other accused Green Berets were confined in small, metal-roofed rooms at the infamous Long Binh jail, noted for riots and p.o.w.-like conditions. There they were allowed only one exercise period a day and subjected to repeated interrogation. At least one officer has gone through several "strip searches," in which the prisoner is required to take off all his clothes for minute examination.

Heat of such intensity can come from only one source in Viet Nam—General Creighton Abrams, the U.S. commander. Why was Abrams reacting so strongly? Saigon's rumor mills have ground out at least three plausible theories: 1) The killing inflamed long-smoldering resentment between the military and the Central Intelligence Agency, with the Green Berets caught in the middle. It is said that Abrams made an issue of the case as a warning to the CIA to stop using the Special Forces to do its dirty work. 2) The victim was an extremely important agent, possibly a special emissary from President Thieu to Hanoi or a North Vietnamese courier who had already been granted immunity. This would explain the CIA's belated effort to rescind its execution order. It would also explain the trial of the Green Berets as a way for the U.S. to say, in effect: "We are sorry your man got rubbed out." 3) Perhaps most likely, the whole affair is a colossal military snafu. According to this theory, Abrams might have been annoyed at news of the killing, and told aides in an offhand manner, "We've got to clean those guys up." Overzealous subordinates, misinterpreting his remark, then might have ordered the arrests. Before the imprisoned men could be sprung and the affair hushed up, Lawyer Gregory had heard from Middleton and brought the case into the open.

Whatever the truth, it is now impossible for the Army to drop the affair quietly. There are doubts, however, that a court-martial would unearth the real story—or that a court-martial will in fact be held.

An Embattled Badge of Courage

FOR nearly a decade after a new Special Forces group was set up at Fort Bragg, N.C., in 1952 to cope with guerrilla forces, the organization languished. At first, the group's members were permitted to wear the Special Forces' distinctive green berets, borrowed from Britain's World War II commandos, within the confines of Fort Bragg. In 1956, the headgear was banned altogether because it looked "too foreign."

President John F. Kennedy, who

of the Army, to which they normally return; the enlisted men, all volunteers, tend to spend their entire military careers in the Special Forces. The operating units are scattered around the continents: 3,000 in South Viet Nam, 400 in northeastern Thailand, 800 in Okinawa, 250 in Bad Toelz just south of Munich in West Germany, 800 in the Panama Canal Zone, and 3,000 in training at Fort Bragg.

Generally, the Green Berets work at a higher Intelligence level than the G-2s (Intelligence chiefs) of the Army and Marines, who are more or less limited to information-gathering. The Green Beret networks have a much wider range and tend, for example, to have closer contacts with the CIA, as was the case at Nha Trang. As the elite of the Army, the Green Berets are highly skilled: the communications men can repair their own radios; the medics are surgeons without diplomas; the demolition men can destroy almost anything. Most are multilingual, and all have had extensive paratroop training.

In Viet Nam, the Green Berets were assigned the task of border surveillance, interdiction of enemy supply routes, attacks and ambushes. In addition, they work with the border natives, mostly Nungs and Montagnards, operating nearly 70 border and highland camps where a dozen Green Berets will spearhead a force of several hundred irregulars.

There have long been reports that the Green Berets also employ some dirty ways—if occasionally necessary ones. It is as easy to confirm such reports as it is to get the CIA to admit that it engages in spying on other countries. Nonetheless, the Special Forces have been accused of torturing and killing prisoners, parachuting poisoned foodstuffs into enemy camps, and slipping doctored ammunition, designed to explode on use, into enemy arms caches.

Some Army officers feel that the Green Berets may be a little too special. When retired General Harold K. Johnson, former Army Chief of Staff, visited the Green Berets in Viet Nam, he told them: "You are doing a fine job, but there is just too much talent for one thin unit." His feeling is that the Green Berets skim off the cream of the enlisted men and thus become a talent drain on the rest of the Army. Enough Army officers agree with him to raise the very real possibility that in the wake of the current murder case, the proud green beret may once again fade from prominence.



BERETS TRAINING IN FLORIDA

read James Bond novels and foresaw the need for countering insurgency warfare, particularly in beleaguered Southeast Asia, gave a new lease of life to the Special Forces when he took office. The green beret was reinstated—almost enshrined. Said J.F.K. in 1962: "The green beret is again becoming a symbol of excellence, a badge of courage, a mark of distinction in the fight for freedom." Around that time, 600 members of the Special Forces were serving as advisers in South Viet Nam. In those palmy days, the Green Berets were the darlings of the New Frontier. At Fort Bragg, they often entertained White House aides and members of Congress with what they called "Disneyland." It is a stirring demonstration ranging from scuba diving and hand-to-hand combat to archery and rappelling (descending a cliff on a double rope).

The Special Forces now number between 9,000 and 10,000 men. The officers come from other branches

DEFENSE

At War with the Military

As chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Mississippi Democrat John Stennis smoothly guided Defense Department appropriations through the Senate with only desultory debates. Expecting similar treatment in this session, the Pentagon sent up one installment of its customarily laconic request for funds.

This time the request was for \$22 billion, a part of the military's total budget of \$80 billion for fiscal 1970. The bill was a mere five pages long, which figures to about \$22 million a word. Included in the Pentagon package was the Nixon Administration's controversial ABM system, which just barely squeaked by in the Senate by a 51-50 vote. The narrow margin of victory on its major section spelled trouble for the balance of the bill. Last week, before the Senate's adjournment until after Labor Day, other sections of the bill were debated and trimmed. Stennis, an able and astute politician, had anticipated the Senate's antimilitary mood and cut \$2 billion from the bill in his committee. Yet he was shocked to find that, once it had reached the floor, his fellow Senators demanded still further cuts. "Take out the tanks, take out the carriers, take out this, take out that," Stennis complained. "I just do not believe that is the way to proceed."

Too Large. His colleagues in the Senate were of another mind. Last week the Senate military critics successfully passed a series of amendments to the military appropriation bill.

► **Transportation, storage and use of chemical and biological warfare (CBW)** agents will be severely restricted. Open air tests will be allowed only if the Secretary of Defense rules them necessary for national security and the Surgeon General determines that they would not be a menace to public health. Congress will have to specifically approve any money to be spent on CBW, and it must be advised at least 30 days before the agents are transported.

► **A \$25 million cut in the Pentagon's "emergency fund,"** an amendment that was opposed by California Conservative George Murphy, who called it "comfortable money" for the military. Answered Maryland Democrat Joseph Tydings: "I would call it luxury money."

► **Another budget slash,** sponsored by William Fulbright, reduced research funds by \$46 million. The Arkansas liberal, who for years has complained that much of the research is irrelevant, mocked the Defense Department's projects by ticking off some that have already been funded, including studies of "Militant Hindu Nationalism—The Early Phase" and "The Chinese Warlord System: 1916 to 1928." Fulbright's amendment also specified that the Pentagon cannot use funds to research any nonmilitary subjects.

► **A ceiling of \$2.5 billion** was placed

on the amount that the Department of Defense can spend to support foreign troops in countries such as Viet Nam, Laos and Thailand.

No Carrier. Still pending is an amendment to cut more than \$500 million from the bill by limiting the purchase of the controversial C-5A aircraft. The Senate critics also want to deny the Pentagon a \$377 million nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. They argue that in the missile age the carrier makes too massive and lumbering a target, and that the U.S. is the only major sea power still building them. Another thorny topic to be discussed is whether the U.S. still needs—and can afford

—to maintain 428 major overseas military bases.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, meanwhile, demanded to see a top-secret 1965 agreement with Thailand, which Idaho Democrat Frank Church said might "contemplate the use of American forces" in the event of a military threat to that small Southeast Asian country. At week's end the exact contents of the pact remained a mystery. It was learned, however, that the U.S. could be committed to send troops into Thailand under certain circumstances. This news caused Church to ask if the pact could lead to another Viet Nam.



TEDDY KENNEDY AT SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE HEARING

LIVING WITH WHISPERS

At least six songs entitled *The Ballad of Mary Jo* were submitted to New York publishers. Someone visiting the remote Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick carved TED & MARY in the bridge's wooden planks. Reporters and columnists kept up a flow of speculation that prompted the New York Times's James Reston, who agrees that Edward Kennedy's account of the fatal accident at Poucha Pond has not been satisfactory, to object that "he is being tried in the press before he gets to court."

Kennedy himself told a Boston *Globe* reporter last week, "I feel the tragedy of the girl's death. That's what I'll always have to live with. But what I don't have to live with are the whispers and innuendoes and falsehoods." Yet in the continued absence of an adequate public explanation from Kennedy about the night when Mary Jo Kopechne died, the whispers and innuendoes refused to fade away. The popular memory may be short, but it generally endures, as Kennedy is unhappily discovering, at least until curiosity

about public figures has been satisfied (see TIME ESSAY).

No one yet knows how deeply the Sept. 3 inquest at Edgartown will test Kennedy's story. Some lawyers think that the hearing can legally consider only the immediately pertinent questions of whether and how much Kennedy had been drinking, what time he left the party with Mary Jo and how fast he was driving at the time his black Oldsmobile leaped off the Dike Bridge. After all, an inquest is structured to be a kind of legal fishing expedition to determine whether or not a crime may have been committed.

However, it is possible that Massachusetts District Attorney Edmund Dinis will range farther to investigate where Kennedy and Mary Jo were going, why the accident went unreported for so long and whether, as Columnist Jack Anderson has claimed, Kennedy at first weighed letting his cousin, Joe Gargan, "take the rap." If that is Dinis's purpose, there is an easier way to go about it than an inquest. Dinis could charge

Kennedy and all his associates that night, both partygoers and advisers after the tragedy, with "conspiracy to present a false statement." Such a charge requires a grand jury, and the grand jury could summon anyone who is not a lawyer to tell the court everything that Ted had told them.

One intriguing report that Dinis was investigating last week was the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader's* claim that on the night of the accident, 17 long-distance phone calls from Chappaquiddick and Edgartown were charged to Kennedy's telephone credit card. Five of the calls, said the *Union Leader*, were placed before midnight. Even acknowledging the strong anti-Kennedy prejudices of the right-wing newspaper,

its report does have a certain precision that lends verisimilitude. The paper stated, for example, that the five pre-midnight calls were placed from the party cottage to 1) the Kennedy family compound at Hyannis Port, 2) John Kennedy's former speech writer, Theodore Sorensen, in New York, 3) former Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall, in Washington, 4) an unlisted Boston number and 5) Sorensen again. The phone calls, if indeed made, would be damaging evidence that, far from being a dazed accident victim, Kennedy was a lucid politician trying to avoid a scandal. There remains the possibility that someone else could have made the calls, using Kennedy's credit-card number.

Still, the overwhelming evidence

seemed to be against the "17 calls" theory. Operators do not normally ask for the telephone number from which a credit-card call is made, and thus there would be no record of their origin. It is unclear what records, if any, the *Union Leader* has to support its story. There was no telephone at the Chappaquiddick cottage itself; the phone mentioned by the *Union Leader* was in a locked studio behind the cottage, and the owners reported no indication that anyone had broken in to use the phone. If Kennedy had later made the twelve calls that the paper said he placed from the pay phone at the Shiretown Inn, where he was staying in Edgartown, it is highly unlikely that the night clerk would not have seen or heard him from his desk 20 feet away. The Shiretown has no telephones in its rooms.

Doubtful Swim. Columnist Anderson's claim that Kennedy did not, in fact, go to Edgartown alone after the accident seems more plausible. It is almost unthinkable that Joe Gargan and Lawyer Paul Markham would stand by while Kennedy plunged into the 500-ft. channel, his back in a brace and his mind in a daze. It seems more likely that Markham and Gargan "borrowed" a small boat from a pier some 200 yds. from the ferry landing and rowed Kennedy to the Edgartown side. According to this theory, Markham and Kennedy walked to the Senator's room in the Shiretown Inn, a block from the waterfront, while Gargan returned the boat to Chappaquiddick and drove back to the cottage. If this version is true, the question remains why Kennedy would conceal the facts and invent the swimming story. One explanation might be that Teddy was making a rather misdirected effort to absolve Markham and Gargan of some of their responsibility for not reporting the accident promptly.

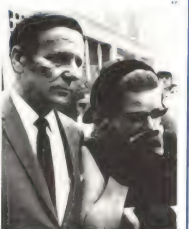
The Kopechnes: Awaiting Answers

M^{R.} and Mrs. Joseph Kopechne declared themselves "satisfied" last month by Edward Kennedy's televised explanation of the events surrounding their daughter's death. But now Mary Jo's parents feel bitter, ignored and increasingly puzzled. "I'm waiting to get an awful lot of answers," Mrs. Kopechne told TIME's David Whiting last week. She and her husband, who live in Berkeley Heights, N.J., are considering attending the Sept. 3 inquest at Edgartown in the hope of getting the answers they want.

The Kopechnes are especially bewildered by the silence of the five other girls, all friends of Mary Jo's, who attended the Chappaquiddick party. "The girls know they could lessen the heartache we have by giving some answers," Mrs. Kopechne said. Her husband shook his head: "Those girls aren't going to talk." The Kopechnes simply want the girls to tell them what occurred at the party and how and why Mary Jo left it.

"There are two sides here," Mrs. Kopechne continued. "Mr. Kopechne and I on this side and the Kennedy name on the other. Everybody is on that side." Mary Jo's parents accept Kennedy's explanation of his delay in reporting the accident. "I can understand shock," Mrs. Kopechne said. "But I cannot understand Mr. Gargan and Mr. Markham. They weren't in shock. Why didn't they get help? That's where my questions start." The couple is curious as to how Kennedy could return unnoticed to the cottage after the accident. Assuming that Kennedy was in shock, Mrs. Kopechne asks, why did he walk down to the lobby dressed in fresh clothes and ask the time?

Even though the Kopechnes are depending upon the inquest to explain the circumstances of Mary Jo's death



THE KOPECHNES

more precisely, they last week hired a lawyer to fight legal moves by Massachusetts District Attorney Edmund Dinis to have their daughter's body exhumed and an autopsy performed. "What could an autopsy prove now?" Mrs. Kopechne asked. "It's all turned into a political issue."

The constant siege of reporters has added to the strain. "I'm just not getting any housework done," Mrs. Kopechne complained. In a way, though, the press does help. "You people have kept us on our toes," she said. "Every once in a while, we get angry and we get mad, and this mad anger we wake up with sustains us through the day. We've reached a breaking point many times, but I'm controlling myself for my husband and he's controlling himself for me. It's holding us together." The worst time for them is at night, after their neighbors and friends have gone and the noise of crickets washes over the house. "My husband doesn't sleep," Mrs. Kopechne said. "We try to find ways to avoid going to bed. We walk around and keep the lights on. When we finally go to bed and the lights are out, we can't help thinking."

WELFARE

The Debate Begins

On Nixon's Reforms

Having presented his new welfare proposals to the nation on television, Richard Nixon turned last week to the arduous task of selling his innovative program to Congress. It will take some doing. While generally lauding the direction of Nixon's reform efforts, many legislators on both the left and the right have doubts about the details of the proposals. The President delivered his reforms to Congress in three separate messages:

► A manpower-training act, designed to completely consolidate the existing, disparate federal job-training programs, then place them in the hands of state and city administrators.

► A welfare-reform program intended, by linking aid to work, to overhaul fundamentally poverty assistance. For a family of four, the basic federal subsidy would be \$1,600, available to able-bodied recipients only if they accept employment or enrollment in job-train-

ing classes. The Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) would lose operating authority over the nation's antipoverty projects and would assume the more limited responsibility for research and development of new programs.

► A revenue-sharing system, aimed at aiding ailing state and city treasuries by returning a portion of federally collected taxes to states and localities on a pro-rata basis.*

Employer of Last Resort. Most of the first round of criticism was aimed at welfare reform, and both liberals and conservatives joined in the firing. Overall, they praised Nixon's desire to combine an income supplement to the working poor with a national minimum welfare benefit, but they severely scored the way the Administration proposed to make the new system work.

The most serious charge against the Nixon program is that, while it stresses the need for getting welfare recipients off the dole and onto payrolls, it has not yet acknowledged the necessity for programs to create more jobs. A corollary criticism is that the Administration refuses to accept the role of employer of last resort.

In recent years, liberal legislators have urged the creation of a guaranteed-job program. Most of their proposals would combine federal public-service jobs, such as hospital and recreation workers, with a system of tax incentives to private industry to encourage the hiring, training and re-training of unskilled labor.

Under the provisions of the Nixon welfare plan, able-bodied parents, except mothers of preschool children, would be required to accept "suitable" work or job training, if offered. Yet neither this program nor the proposed manpower-training act provides any means to create more jobs. "Like the welfare proposal," argued A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, "the manpower message outlines a training mechanism but suggests no plan

—and provides no funds—for turning a trainee into a job holder. It is the Government that must be the employer of last resort, and on that subject the President's proposal is absolutely silent."

Jobs Needed. Joseph Califano, former presidential aide to Lyndon Johnson, agreed and noted that the manpower proposal includes a provision for a 10% increase in job-training funds when unemployment hits 4.5% (about 4,000,000 unemployed) for three consecutive months, a level that some experts think could be reached this year. "If unemployment goes that high," argued Califano, "it's not manpower funds they'll need. It's jobs. The guys who are already trained will be out of work. You can make a case that we need a



"THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR THE POOR. ONE GIANT LEAP FOR '72!"

public-employment program right now."

The primary problem is money. The cost of the Government's assuming the role of employer of last resort could be astronomical, far above what a Congress concerned with inflation would accept. Unemployment is now 3.6%, 2,592,000 people. If the rate were to rise 1%, 858,000 more workers would be jobless. To place even half of these unemployed in public service could cost the Government up to \$3 billion. Ideology is an equal barrier. Presidential Adviser Arthur Burns shies away from the concept, both on the ground of economy and because it rasps uncomfortably against his conservative principles.

Several critics also balk at the work requirement in the Nixon welfare program. They question the social value of forcing mothers of school-age children to accept employment or job training rather than staying at home with their youngsters. The requirement that family-assistance recipients accept "suitable" employment also worries some. They fear that the lack of safeguards in Nixon's plan against abuses of this requirement could lead to unemployed people being trained for skilled work

and then being forced to accept menial jobs to qualify for federal aid.

Liberals were also less than pleased with the welfare program's proposed base-subsidy figure of \$1,600. As the family income increases, the federal subsidy would decrease. When the family's annual income reached \$3,920, all federal assistance would end. New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits said that the \$1,600 must only be considered "as a beginning." Javits added: "Congress will have to consider—perhaps on a phased-in basis—a support level of at least \$3,000 for those who are unable to support themselves." Congress will have that opportunity. Three representatives—Jonathan Bingham, John Conyers and Charles Whalen—presented a new bill last week that would provide a base of \$3,200 for a family of four.

Suspicion Created. The Administration's proposal has its confusing points. Chief of these is the relationship between the proposed welfare system and the \$1 billion federal food program that Nixon sponsored last spring. According to the new program, families who accepted federal assistance would not be eligible for federal food stamps. Said Nixon in his message to Congress: "For dependent families there will be an orderly substitution of food stamps by the new direct monetary payments."

John Kramer, executive director of the National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition, promptly charged that this edict would change Nixon's "family-assistance system" into a "family-deprivation system." He argues that at least 80% of welfare recipients now on the rolls who receive food stamps would be worse off under the new Nixon plan. Capitol Hill quickly supported Kramer's criticism. Senator Javits attacked the food-stamp restriction, and South Dakota's Senator George McGovern and Minnesota's Senator Walter Mondale rapidly petitioned the President to retain the stamps for welfare recipients. Last May, Nixon proposed a \$1 billion annual increase in spending for the federal food program for the poor. The White House's present position against giving food stamps to family-assistance recipients has led some critics to suspect that Nixon intends to finance his welfare plan partially with money saved on the federal food-assistance program.

Despite their concern with the inadequacy of the basic federal subsidy, black leaders are cautiously optimistic about the Nixon proposal. Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, said that the proposal represents "a major change about problems of the poor and offers hope for the future." Roy Wilkins, head of the N.A.A.C.P., called the concept a "step in the right direction." Their optimism, in fact, was not too far removed from the views of the critics. Even the more outspoken criticism of the program's details seemed not so much calculated to reject the scheme as to improve on an essentially good idea.

* If it is approved by Congress, Nixon's revenue-sharing plan would begin by splitting \$500 million among the 50 states during the six-month period starting Jan. 1, 1971. By 1975, the money to be divided would grow to an estimated \$5 billion. The program would begin by offering the states one-sixth of one percent of the nation's total taxable income, less deductions and exemptions. By 1976, this share would grow to 1% of the country's total taxable income, the level at which it would remain. Each state's share would be calculated through a formula involving population and the proportional share of the federal-tax revenues that the state contributes. The larger the state's proportional contribution to the federal coffers, the larger its return. Localities within the states would be eligible for a portion of the returned revenue, which would be "passed through" the state capitals and on to the city halls. Significantly, the funds would be given without any strings attached.

CRIME

The Night of Horror

The crime was "so weird and bizarre," declared Los Angeles Coroner Thomas Noguchi, that he had taken an unusual step. He was showing photographs of the bodies of Starlet Sharon Tate and the four other murder victims to a psychologist and a psychiatrist. Perhaps the killer had left some clue to his character in his sick and savage assault on the bodies of his victims.

What the police found when summoned to the Benedict Canyon house of Miss Tate, 26, wife of Film Director Roman Polanski, 36, was far bloodier and grimmer than they had let on. TIME learned last week. There was evidence of a wild struggle with the killer or killers as

time seemed almost incidental. The bodies of Coffee Heiress Abigail Folger, 26, and her boy friend, a sort of society camp follower named Voytek Prokowsky, 37, were found on the lawn. Both were clothed, but Prokowsky's trousers were down around his ankles. Miss Folger had been stabbed repeatedly, and Prokowsky had been both stabbed and shot. Steven Parent, 18, a student, was shot five times in the chest, apparently while trying to get away in his car. None of the three, however, had been mutilated.

The stabbings appeared to have resulted from a swordlike instrument rather than a common knife, which at first led to rumors of ritualistic killings, but the apparent frenzy of the murders belied that. No fingerprints were found anywhere. Rumors of a wild drug and liquor

their world is hard to discern. Columnist Steve Brandt says that Sharon glowed in her pregnancy, sunning herself in a bikini while pregnant. When asked if she was taking drugs, she told him, "Steve, I would do nothing to jeopardize the baby." Sharon was described by some friends as a serious actress with a wide range of interests—dance, music, fencing, skiing—and by others as a vacuous bathing beauty who was capitalizing on Polanski's fame.

Polanski, who was in London at the time of the murders, is noted for his macabre movies. He is no stranger to death; his mother died in a Nazi concentration camp. Polanski was spectacularly grief-stricken, five days after his wife's death, he still could not walk without assistance.

There also appeared to be a dark side



POLANSKI AT FUNERAL



TATE A MONTH AGO



SEBRING AT WORK

Theories of sex, drug and witchcraft cults in a trendy, fashionable, hippy world

Sharon and another victim, Hair Stylist Jay Sebring, 35, were slashed repeatedly while they fought for their lives. A large number of pistol bullets were embedded in the walls and ceiling. Blood was spattered over most of the living room walls, and pools of blood and bloody footprints led into a hall, indicating a vain struggle to escape. One set of prints, possibly a killer's, led out into the hall, then back into the living room.

Sharon's body was found nude, not clad in bikini pants and a bra as had first been reported. Sebring was wearing only the torn remnants of a pair of boxer shorts. One of Miss Tate's breasts had been cut off, apparently as a result of indiscriminate slashing. She was nine months pregnant, and there was an X cut in her stomach. What appeared to be the bloody handle of a paring knife was found next to her leg, the blade broken off. Sebring had been sexually mutilated, and his body also bore X marks.

Almost incidental. Sharon and Sebring were the prime objects of the mayhem: the deaths of the other three vic-

spree were set off when police found a small quantity of marijuana and other drugs in Sebring's black Porsche. However, no drug traces were found in any of the five bodies, and none had been drinking except Sebring, who had had the equivalent of a martini and a half. Friends said the group had gathered to discuss plans to open a new Hollywood club, "Bumbles."

Sunning in a Bikini. Theories of sex, drug and witchcraft cults spread quickly in Hollywood, fed by the fact that Sharon and Polanski circulated in one of the film world's more offbeat crowds. Says London Celebrity Tailor Douglas Hayward, "They were both enormously popular in a trendy, fashionable, hippie world." They also habitually picked up odd and unsavory people indiscriminately, and invited them home for parties. "Roman and Sharon had as much idea about security as idiots," says Publisher Don Prince. "They lived like gypsies. You were likely to find anyone sleeping there."

How much of a role drugs played in

to the lives of the other victims. "Gibby," Folger had been an aimless heiress since her graduation from Radcliffe, drifting from a Harvard graduate course to a job as a clerk in a New York bookshop to volunteer political work for Robert Kennedy and Thomas Bradley, the Negro Los Angeles mayoral candidate. She had most recently been a welfare worker. Author and Artist Barnaby Conrad, a family friend, described her as "square in the best sense of the word," but others who knew her say that she had changed in the year since she took up with Prokowsky.

Prokowsky was a free-spending Polish refugee who loved fast cars and women, and was once described as a sort of Hemingway hero. A man who could inspire deep friendship and violent enmity, he had left two former wives behind in Poland. Prokowsky was not believed to be a confidant of Polanski's, as he claimed, but rather a hanger-on with sinister connections to which even the tolerant Polanski objected. Both he and Gibby were said to be familiar with at least marijuana.

na, possibly stronger drugs. "You could walk in their house, take a deep breath and get high," said one acquaintance.

Sehring, a diminutive men's hair stylist (\$11.50 per haircut), was a health nut with violent convictions (especially anti-Negro). He had a black belt in karate and kept guns in his glove compartment and an assortment of whips handy in his purple and black bedroom. An old girl friend, who said Sehring often asked to tie her up for whippings, reported that he also smoked marijuana. He and Sharon were once engaged, and shared an apartment in London's Eaton Square in 1965.

Parent, the fifth victim, was not part of the crowd, and is believed to have been at the scene by coincidence. A quiet boy from a middle-class family, he had become friendly with William Garretson, 19, the caretaker of the Polanski house, who lived in another building on the property. It is doubtful that Parent was at the party. Rather, he may have stopped his car after leaving Garretson's room, witnessed Sharon and Sehring being tortured and slain, and been shot down as he tried to drive off.

Second Slaughter. Los Angeles was still reeling from shock at the gruesome Tate murders when a second multiple murder occurred last week, only nine miles away and 24 hours later. Leno La Bianca, 44, the owner of four markets, and his wife Rosemary, 38, were slashed to death in their secluded home in the Los Feliz area. "It's a carbon copy," reported a policeman upon first viewing the scene, and fears of a maniac running amok quickly spread through the city. Indeed, there were chilling similarities between the two slaughters: the words "death to pigs" smeared in blood on a wall, the mutilation of victims' bodies, a pillowcase over LaBianca's head and a lamp cord around his neck.

On more thorough investigation, the Los Angeles police decided that the similarities were largely superficial—and perhaps intentional—and that the crimes were probably unconnected except by the publicity given the first one. There were, for example, no sexual overtones to the LaBianca deaths. The lethal weapons, including a meat-carving fork, were left in the LaBianca house. None were found at the scene of the first crime.

Two days after the LaBiancas were killed, a gunman shot and killed William Lennon, father of the singing Lennon sisters, and police reported 29 Los Angeles murders within four days, compared with an average rate of about one a day. Precisely because the Tate murders were so brutally irrational, Hollywood was seized by fear. Celebrities, including Frank Sinatra and Alan Jay Lerner, hired guards for their families, and several guests at Sharon's funeral packed guns. At week's end, police were still without a firm lead. The most likely theory was that the slayings were related to narcotics. Meanwhile, the police released Garretson, their only suspect, for lack of evidence, and were guarding a Polish emigre who claimed to know the identity of the killer or killers.

THE CONGLOMERATE OF CRIME

Nobody will listen. Nobody will believe. You know what I mean? This Cosa Nostra, it's like a second government. It's too big.

—Joe Valachi

AT the beginning of the decade, even J. Edgar Hoover denied its existence. Its structure was a mystery, and if it had a name, no one on the outside was sure of what it was. Yet, almost unnoticed, it exerted a profound

derground domain impossible to trace fully; but there is no longer any doubt that its most important part, its very nucleus, is La Cosa Nostra (LCN), otherwise known as the Mafia.

Its reality borders on fantasy. Many Americans still find it difficult to fully believe that their nation harbors an evil entity capable of stealing billions while destroying the honor of public officials, the honesty of businessmen and sometimes the lives of ordinary citizens. The evi-



CARLO GAMBINO



MEYER LANSKY



SAM GIANCANA

Marriage of moxie, muscle and money.

impact on American life. It still does. Small wonder that Valachi, the thug-turned-informer, doubted that anybody would believe or care when he talked about an organization called La Cosa Nostra.

Today people do care. Organized crime is suddenly a high-priority item in Congress. The Nixon Administration and several key states are striving to improve law-enforcement efforts. The Justice Department is sending special anti-Mob "strike forces" into major cities, more money is being spent by police forces, and more men are being thrown into the battle. Hollywood makes movies about it (*The Brotherhood*), and readers have put it on the top of the bestseller list (Mario Puzo's novel *The Godfather* and Peter Maas's *The Valachi Papers*). Organized crime is no longer quite the mystery that it was. It is a vast, sprawling un-

dence that it does these things and more has become all too credible. The image persists of the colorful gambler who speaks quaint Runyonesque, or the romantic loner—Jay Gatsby, say—who has his own somehow justifiable morality, or of the paternalistic despot who challenges society by his own peculiar code.

The Multiplier Effect

There are bits of truth in all the impressions, but all fall short. The biggest and most important truth is that La Cosa Nostra and the many satellite el-

* "Mafia," literally, means swank, or dolled up, but it probably derives from a Sicilian term meaning beauty or pride. In the context of crime, Mafia applies to the older, strictly Sicilian element of the Mob: "La Cosa Nostra," or Our Thing, is a broader term that means the modern American-born organization.



ements that constitute organized crime are big and powerful enough to affect the quality of American life. LCN generates corruption on a frightening scale. It touches small firms as well as large, reaches into city halls as well as labor relations, and periodically sheds blood. It has a multiplier effect on crime; narcotics, a mob monopoly, drives the addicted to burglaries and other felonies to finance the habit. Cosa Nostra's ability to flout the law makes preaching of law and order a joke to those who see organized crime in action most often: the urban poor and the black. Says Milton Rector, director of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency: "Almost every bit of crime we study has some link to organized crime."

Yet La Cosa Nostra itself, the Italian core of organized crime, consists of only 3,000 to 5,000 individuals scattered around the nation in 24 "families," or regional gangs, each headed by a boss and organized loosely along military lines. There is no national dictator or omnipotent unit giving precise direction on all operations. Rather, the families constitute a relatively loose confederation under a board of directors called the Commission. From this soft center the mob's web spreads to many thousands of allies and vassals representing most ethnic groups. "We got Jews, we got Polacks, we got Greeks, we got all kinds," Jackie Cerone, a member of the Chicago gang, once observed with both accuracy and pride.

In many respects, says Ralph Salerno, who was the New York City police department's chief Mafia expert until his retirement in 1967, the leadership has always been a "happy marriage of Italians and Jews." Salerno adds: "It's the three Ms—moxie, muscle and money. The Jews provide the moxie, the Italians provide the muscle, and they both

provide the money." In the public mind, however, Cosa Nostra is identified with the Italians, and about 22 million Italian-Americans are being hurt in reputation by the depredations of a very few.

In time terms, the organization is the world's largest business. The best estimate of its revenue, a rough projection based on admittedly inexact information of federal agencies, is well over \$30 billion a year. Even using a conservative figure, its annual profits are at least in the \$7 billion-to-\$10 billion range. Though he meant it as a boast, Meyer Lansky, the gang's leading financial wizard, was actually being overly modest when he chortled in 1966: "We're bigger than U.S. Steel." Measured in terms of profits, Cosa Nostra and affiliates are as big as U.S. Steel, the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., General Motors, Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Electric, Ford Motor Co., IBM, Chrysler and RCA put together.

How It Works

Two years ago, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice simply threw up its hands at the prospect of estimating the crime conglomerate's full penetration. "The cumulative effect of the infiltration of legitimate business in America cannot be measured," it said. Robert Kennedy, who began the first big push against the Mafia when he became Attorney General, warned that "if we do not on a national-scale attack organized criminals with weapons and techniques as effective as their own, they will destroy us." No one now disputes its potential for destruction.

Despite its continuing evolution, organized crime follows certain basic patterns that vary little. It must buy or force freedom from the law and from accepted rules of commerce. It must milk gambling, the narcotics trade, industrial

relations and usury. It must find outlets for its accumulated profits. These are its main forms of activity:

- **THE POLITICAL FIX** takes many forms, but the most important, from LCN's view, is obtaining the cooperation of the policeman and the politicians. East of the Mississippi, particularly, it is the rare big-city government that is completely free of the fix. In Newark, corruption is rampant. One gangster recently confided to another that \$12,000 a month flows to police superiors for protection—which sometimes goes beyond a shield for illicit activities. When he vacationed on the West Coast last spring, for example, Thomas Pecora, a boss of Teamsters Local 97 as well as a Mafia man, took along a Newark city detective as a bodyguard.

Newark Police Director Dominick Spina was recently indicted for failing to enforce gambling laws. He was acquitted. Mayor Hugh Addonizio was accused to give his personal financial records to a grand jury that asked for them. So pervasive is the aura of corruption, a governors committee reported, that it contributed heavily to the Newark riot of 1967, in which black resentment of police was a major factor.

In Illinois, La Cosa Nostra exerts major influence in a dozen Chicago wards and dictates the votes of as many as 15 state legislators. Known as the West Side Bloc, a newspaper euphemism to avoid libel suits, the Mob opposes anticrime bills in the state legislature, forces gangsters onto the payroll of Mayor Richard Daley's Chicago machine, and corrupts the city police department. Salvatore ("Momo") Giancana may be hiding in Mexico, but his stand-ins, Tony ("Big Tuna") Accardo and Paul ("The Waiter") DeLuca still pack influence. Example: When a Justice Department report charged 29 Chicago policemen with being grafters, Daley pooh-poohed the al-

legations, took no action. Some of the 29 were subsequently promoted.

Protection can also mean death for informers. Richard Cain, once chief investigator for the Cook County, Ill., sheriff's office, gave lie-detector tests to a quintet of bank robbery suspects. Cain, now in prison, was not after the guilty man but in search of the FBI informant among the five. The tipster, Guy Mendola Jr., was subsequently murdered.

Three federal men arrived in Columbus last year to investigate gambling. They were soon arrested by local police, accused of being drunk in public. The G-men were acquitted and eight Columbus cops were indicted for taking \$8,000 a month in bribes.

Ralph Salerno, co-author of an upcoming book on the Mob, *The Crime Confederation*, estimates that the votes of about 25 members of Congress can be delivered by mob pressure. New Jersey Congressman Cornelius Gallagher was an associate of Joe Zicarelli, a Cosa Nostra power in New Jersey. Zicarelli's command over Gallagher was strong enough, in fact, to bring Gallagher, whom Zicarelli calls "my friend the Congressman," off the floor of the House of Representatives to accept Zicarelli's telephone calls. Although Gallagher has denied the allegation with varying degrees of indignation, he has never bothered to sue LIFE for its disclosures about him. He has since been re-elected, and remains a member of the House Government Operations Committee, which watches the federal agencies that watch the Mob.

Even the judiciary is not beyond reach, and the Mob has a special set of instructions for judges on the payroll. An FBI "bug" placed in the First Ward Democratic organization on La Salle Street, a favorite gathering place for Chicago gangsters, overheard the following conversation between Illinois Circuit Court Judge Pasqual Sorrentino and Pat Marcy, a friend of the Chicago I.C.N. family. What should he do, Sorrentino asked, if federal agents questioned him about his associations with gangsters? Marcy's answer: "Stand on your dignity. Don't answer those questions. Tell them they're trying to embarrass you. Stay on the offensive. Remember, you're a judge." The trouble is, of course, that Sorrentino and some of his colleagues, on federal as well as state benches, have forgotten just that fact.

Nowhere has organized crime subverted more than a tiny minority of public officials. But a minority can be enough both to undermine law enforcement and to bend regulations, purchasing procedures and legislation to a shape pleasing to the mob.

• GAMBLING is far and away the Mob's biggest illicit income producer, more than taking the place that bootleg liquor held during Prohibition. No one can more than guess how much money

United by Oath and Blood

CENTURIES before La Cosa Nostra was heard of in the U.S., the Mafia operated—even as it does today—as a brigand government in much of Sicily. Though many Italian immigrants had come to the U.S. to avoid just such oppression as the Mafia offers, a few among them formed a new Mafia in the new country. In the crowded "Little Italys" of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the thugs found easy prey among people who had been taught to dread the terrorists' Black Hand.

Prohibition offered the transplanted *Mafiosi* the chance they could not have made for themselves. Only they had the organization that could capitalize on the potential of bootlegging. Only they lived among people who already operated home stills that could quickly be converted into commercial distilleries. With fantastic profits, little crooks became big crooks, and the peculiar society of petty outlaws became the all-powerful Cosa Nostra.

There was enough intraorganizational feuding to fill a graveyard. Often the battle lines were drawn between Sicilians and Neapolitans—a distinction that causes ill feeling even today. But Sicilians from one area also fought Sicilians from another area, going so far as to take Neapolitans as allies. A particularly bloody period in 1930-31 called the Castellammare War (the town of Castellammare del Golfo was home to one of the factions) killed about 60 gangsters. Thus the factions agreed to unite behind the Mob's modern founding father, Salvatore Maranzano.

A Castellammarese who borrowed his ideas from Julius Caesar's military command, Maranzano laid down the patterns that still, with minor modifications, hold today. To stop the killing, said Maranzano, the gangs that then existed would henceforth be recognized as families, each with its own territorial limits. Heading each family would be a boss, or *Capo*. Under him would be an underboss, or *Sottocapo*, and beneath the underboss would be any number of lieutenants, or *Caporegimes*, leading squads of soldiers, or "button men." One advantage of the scheme was the insulation it provided the men at the top. In the ordinary course of events, they would never put themselves within easy reach of the law.

The organization's code of conduct was partly Maranzano's and partly Mafia *omertà*, a combination of such qualities as manliness, honor and willingness to keep secrets. Its requirements have never changed. The penalty for breaching the code: death. Except for the Chicago branch, which has always disdained the ornate, members are bound by an elaborate ceremony of medieval hocuspocus. Flanked by the boss and his lieutenants,

the initiate and his sponsor may stand in front of a table on which are placed a gun and, on occasion, a knife. The boss picks up the gun and intones in the Sicilian dialect: "*Niatri rappresentam La Cosa Nostra. Sta famiglia è La Cosa Nostra* [We represent La Cosa Nostra. This family is Our Thing]." The sponsor then pricks his trigger finger and the trigger finger of the new member, holding both together to symbolize the mixing of blood. After swearing to hold the family above his religion, his country, and his wife and children, the inductee finishes the ritual. A picture of a saint or a religious card is placed in his cupped hands and ignited. As the paper burns, the inductee, together with his sponsor, proclaims: "If I ever violate this oath, may I burn as this paper."

Brilliant as Maranzano's plan was, it had one major flaw: Maranzano himself. Like his hero Caesar, Maranzano suffered from overweening ambition. Above the family bosses, there was, under his scheme, to be a Boss of All Bosses, a *Capo di Tutti Capi*, by the name of Salvatore Maranzano. When several of the family bosses found out that he was plotting to kill them, they worked up an assassination scheme. Five months after he took power, *Il Capo di Tutti Capi* was murdered. The same day, Sept. 10, 1931, 40 leaders allied with him were slain across the country.

With Maranzano's death, a kind of peace did settle over Cosa Nostra. There have been skirmishes and murders aplenty since then, but never anything like the Castellammarese War. In place of the *Capo di Tutti Capi*, the mobsters formed a Commission made up of nine to twelve family bosses to guide the organization and settle disputes. While its powers have never been precisely spelled out, the Commission seems to be roughly analogous to the governing body of a loose confederation. It must approve each family's choice of boss, and it can, if it wants to, remove a boss—usually by assassination.

Often, the Commission's chief function seems to be preservation of the balance of power, making sure that no one boss gains too much power. In Cosa Nostra's terms, as in nations', that is guns. Theoretically, at least, the 24 families have not been allowed to increase their numbers since the '30s. They vary greatly in size now, as they did then, from Carlo Gambino's army of 1,000 in New York to James Lanza's tiny, ineffectual squad of twelve in San Francisco. Currently, several families are open to recruits, offering new opportunities for growth and power. United by oath and blood, Maranzano's organization may have as long a life as Caesar's.

continued on following page

is bet illegally in the U.S. each year, but a conservative estimate is that about \$20 billion is put down on horse racing, lotteries and sports events. Perhaps a third is pure profit for LCN and its affiliates.

In the slums, the bets are usually on "the numbers." The gambler picks the number that he thinks will come up in some agreed-upon tabulation—the total dollars bet at a race track, for example—and puts down as little as 25¢ or as much as \$1. In some places \$10 bets are allowed. The bet taker himself, called the policy writer, is too small—and too vulnerable—to be a formal member of La Cosa Nostra. He works instead under contract as a "sharecropper."

Bookmaking is next up the ladder from the numbers, and the bookmaker, who usually employs several solicitors, is a man of substance. When FBI agents seized Gil Beckley, the king of layoff men (a banker to smaller bookies), in Miami in January 1966, his records showed that on that day alone he had handled \$250,000 in bets, for a profit, by his own reckoning, of \$129,000. He is now appealing a ten-year prison sentence in the case.

An operator like Beckley is not necessarily a full member of LCN. Beckley has a kind of associate status, in which favors and profits flow back and forth. As in certain other areas, LCN is content to get a cut while leaving active management to a relative outsider. Another big layoff man, Sam DiPiazio, once told of an attempt by Giancana's Chicago family to extort 50% of his six-figure take. As DiPiazio related the story, he was forced to go before a committee in Chicago, where he haggled the bite down to a mere \$35 a day. His big bargaining point was that he cooperated with "the Little Man," Louisiana Family Boss Carlos Marcello.

General affluence and increasing public interest in sports such as football and basketball hike the stakes and make the potential for corrupting athletes great. Even if he does not succeed in fixing a game, the Cosa Nostra agent finds information about a team's morale or physical condition priceless in helping him to set odds. On just such an information hunt, a scout for Chicago Handicapper Burton Woleoff wangled his way into the clubhouse of the Los Angeles Dodgers a few years back. Learning that Sandy Koufax, who was scheduled to pitch that day, was having even more arm trouble than usual, the agent flashed the news to Woleoff, who put down \$30,000 against the Dodgers. Koufax gave up five runs in early innings and the Dodgers lost.

The National Football League has gone to considerable lengths to detect the fix, relying, ironically, on Gil Beckley. Apparently the league operated on the theory that it takes one to know one. "I want the games square," Beckley told league officials when he announced his proposition. "If I know that something's wrong, I'll give you the name of the club. But I won't give

you names of the players." Tips from Beckley have touched off a number of secret investigations by the league.

Until the mid-'60s, one of Cosa Nostra's most profitable gambling operations was at one of the few places in the U.S. where most kinds of gambling are legal: Las Vegas. The Mob's technique there, known as "skimming," was as simple as larceny and as easy as shaking the money tree: a part of the cash profits from six LCN-controlled casinos was simply diverted before the figures were placed in the ledger books. How much cash was spirited away in this manner, eluding both state and federal taxes, no one can say precisely. After the Government became aware of mob influence and forced the gangsters out of most of the casinos in 1966 and 1967—LCN



STEFANO MAGADDINO
Animals in fedoras despite the image

still has interests in two big casinos—revenue reported for tax purposes jumped by more than \$50 million a year.

• **LOAN-SHARKING OR USURY** nets several billions—it is impossible to say how many—in revenue for the Mob. Dollar for dollar, usury is LCN's best investment, though the gross is lower than it is in gambling, profit is higher. Interest rates commonly run at 20% per week, or, in the Mob's words, "six for five"—borrow \$5 on Monday and pay back \$6 by Saturday noon, the normal deadline. Borrowers are frequently gamblers who have lost heavily or hope to make a big strike, but they also include factory workers, businessmen on the verge of bankruptcy, or anyone else who needs cash but cannot meet a bank's credit check.

Many of the Cosa Nostra's legitimate business fronts were acquired when the owner could not pay his debt. Some public officials were acquired in the same manner. Over his head in various business deals, James Marcus, the former Water Commissioner of New York City, took a loan at 104% annual interest. When he was unable to pay, the gang-

sters found him a willing victim for other schemes, including graft on city projects. In the case of Marcus, as with many other public officials, the loan was almost certainly a come-on for what the Mob really wanted: a good friend in a high place. Marcus, Mobster Anthony ("Tony Ducks") Corallo, and Contractor Henry Fried were convicted in the kickback scheme.

• **NARCOTICS TRAFFIC**, chiefly in heroin, is less lucrative than gambling, but still profitable enough, bringing in more than \$350 million in revenue and \$25 million in profits. Because of the risks involved in peddling drugs directly, Cosa Nostra once again contracts the retail trade to its sharecroppers, saving for itself the less dangerous and infinitely more profitable role of importer and wholesaler. The sums involved are substantial. By the time opium from Turkey, the chief supplier for the U.S., is processed into heroin and shipped to New York, it is worth about \$225,000 per kilogram. The price to society is the yond measure.

So far, there is no evidence that the Mafia has tried to penetrate the marijuana market. The source of supply in Mexico is too close, and the competition from travelers passing over the border too intense. One unforeseen byproduct of the Federal Government's crackdown on the marijuana trade, however, may be to create an LCN monopoly. If the "independents" are driven out, the mobsters might find pot as profitable as heroin. Just that happened in bookmaking, when police put many freelance operators out of business.

• **LABOR RACKETEERING** has no price tag, but obviously nets the Mob many millions. It takes several forms. One of the simplest is extortion. The gangsters might thus inform a small businessman, who has perhaps only a dozen employees, that from that minute on his enterprise is unionized. Though the employees may never know that they belong to a "union"—and never receive any of the benefits of being in a union—the employer nevertheless pays the "union organizers" the workers' initiation fees and monthly dues. In another variation, the bogus union settles "sweetheart" contracts that are grossly unfair to the workers it is supposed to represent. The difference between what a legitimate union might win for the workers and what the Mob union actually obtains is split between the mobsters and the company owners. In one such contract, writes Donald Cressey in his definitive work, *Theft of the Nation*, the president of a paper local won his union only one paid holiday a year: Passover. His membership was exclusively Puerto Rican.

In other ways as well, union racketeering can be as profitable to a company as it is to the Mob. Once the gangsters have taken over a union—they find their easiest prey in unskilled and semi-skilled occupations—they can

guarantee both labor peace and a competitive edge over other companies in wages and benefits. There is, of course, a fee, but that is often lower for the businessman than the real costs of strikes or higher wages.

• **BUSINESS INFILTRATION** is the organization's fastest-growing source of revenue. Its interests extend to an estimated 5,000 business concerns. Indeed, Cosa Nostra's penetration of the above-ground world of finance and commerce is probably the greatest threat that it poses to the nation today. A business can be acquired in any number of ways, from foreclosure on a usurious loan to outright purchase. LCN, after all, has more venture capital than any other nongovernmental organization in the world. New York's Carlo Gambino and his adopted family own large chunks of real estate in the New York area valued at \$300 million. Until recently, they also ran a labor consulting service. Marcello of New Orleans, another real estate millionaire, has been buying up land in the path of the Dixie Freeway and hopes to make a bundle in federal highway funds.

Once brought under the Mob's umbrella, a business almost always ceases to operate legitimately. If it is a restaurant—favorite targets—or a night-club, it buys coal or oil from one LCN affiliate, rents linen from another, ships garbage out through still another. Its entertainers, parking-lot attendants and even its hot chick girls must always be approved by the Mob—and sometimes they must kick back part of what they take in. When the gangsters were big in Las Vegas, they sometimes used skimmed cash to supplement the fees paid to featured performers. The under-the-table funds went untaxed and left the compliant performer with an obligation. This was repaid by appearances elsewhere at the Mob's request.

Unfortunately, the gang's business methods do not stop with such relatively innocuous, if illegal, tactics. The giant Atlantic & Pacific grocery can testify to that. Taking control of a company that manufactured detergent, the powerful New York-New Jersey gangster brothers, Gerardo and the late Gene Catena, tried to put the product on A. & P. shelves. When the A. & P. officials rejected the inferior Brand X, marketed by the Catenas' Best Sales Company, the brothers tried traditional means of persuasion. Four A. & P. employees died violently. Six stores were fire-bombed. Finally, two union locals threatened to strike, rejecting out of hand a contract that seemed more than generous.

Dumfounded by tactics not taught at the Harvard Business School, A. & P. of-

ficials seemingly never connected Catena detergent with strikes and terror. The government did, however, and impounded a grand jury to investigate the Catena brothers' marketing procedures. Brand X was apparently not worth the bother of federal heat. The Catenas got out of detergents, the unions signed their contracts, and the A. & P. was left at peace.

Generally, the Mob favors businesses in the service and retail fields, particularly things like coin-operated machines, liquor stores and laundries. These offer, among other advantages, cash turn-overs susceptible to skimming. With these companies the mobsters can rake off funds without anyone, particularly



POLICE EXAMINING \$500,000 CACHE
But how come no money for Florida?

anyone in the Internal Revenue Service, being the wiser. When FBI agents searched the house, belonging to the son of Buffalo Boss Stefano Magaddino last December, they found in a suitcase \$521,020 in skimmed cash, most of it from Magaddino's 15 companies in the Buffalo area. It may not have been worth all of Magaddino's trouble. Not only has the Government confiscated his money, but the other mobsters are infuriated because Magaddino had told them that he had no funds to help them meet common expenses. This month, in fact, LCN's top hierarchy took the highly unusual step of sending a team to investigate Magaddino's finances. Mrs. Magaddino, who had never looked into the suitcase, was also upset. "Son of a bitch!" she muttered when the FBI carted the money away. "He said we have no money for Florida this year. \$500,000!"

Jukeboxes, funeral parlors, small garment firms and other marginal enterprises that have long attracted gangsters have little effect on the general econ-

omy. Big-time construction is another matter, and by playing both the union and management sides, LCN begins to exercise major impact. The Crime and Delinquency Council's Milton Rector says air-freight trucking operations have been so deeply penetrated that gangsters could bring New York's Kennedy Airport "to its knees at any time."

As the bundle piles up, repositories bigger than Magaddino's suitcase must be found. Many millions go to foreign banks, Switzerland, with its numbered bank accounts, is the favorite. Funds from these reservoirs often come back in the form of "loans" for investment purposes. Asked to produce collateral for a jukebox import deal, Philadelphia Boss Angelo ("Mr. A.") Bruno quickly came up with a certified check backed by a Swiss account. The amount: \$50 million.

What Kind of Man?

Cosa Nostra's business sophistication should not be surprising, since some of the bright young men in the Mob are as astute and innovative as their peers in any other field. What kind of man joins La Cosa Nostra today? To be in the organization itself—as distinct from its many affiliates—he must, first of all, be Italian or of Italian descent. Until 1952, he had to be a certified killer as well. That requirement has been dropped, and the recruiters look for a young man who has, besides the necessary venality, some protective coloring. The older men are not always happy about the change. "They shouldn't let nobody in this unless he's croaked a couple of people," New Jersey's Angelo ("Gyp") DeCarlo was once heard to mutter. "Today you got a thousand guys in here that never broke an egg."

There have been other, though less important changes induced by both shifting life styles and the desire to escape notice. Years ago, anyone could tell a mobster by his loud dress and, most particularly, his large, wide-brimmed, white hat. Now, the tendency is to dress like a businessman, in conservative Brooks Brothers gray.

One custom that had to be dropped was the kiss of greeting between members. "Charlie Lucky [also known as Salvatore Luciana or Lucky Luciano] put a stop to this and changed it to a handshake," Joe Valachi told Author Peter Maas. "After all," Charlie said, "we would stick out kissing each other in restaurants and places like that."

Ostentatious living has gone out as well, despite the fact that even the lowliest members are often millionaires. The Government provides one good reason. If a man spends much more than he shows on his income tax return, the IRS can nail him for tax fraud. Few of the bosses thus claim or openly spend much more than would a moderately successful businessman. The ancient, somewhat puritanical code of the Mafia, which dislikes display, provides another reason for simple style. The late New York boss Vito Genovese, for example, used to

drive a two-year-old Ford, spent little more than \$100 for his suits, and lived in a modest house in Atlantic Highlands, N.J. When his children and grandchildren visited him, Genovese, very much the kindly paterfamilias, would cook them up a huge pot of spaghetti.

Another legacy from the Sicilian Mafia is Cosa Nostra's almost mystical concept of respect. Something like the Oriental notion of "face," respect means more to a Cosa Nostra mobster than money. If he does not have the regard of his fellow members, he is nothing, even in his own eyes. An equally high value is placed on loyalty. It is not always honored, to be sure, but it nevertheless remains a powerful binding force within the organization. Indeed, the very human characteristics of respect and loyalty, to-

the more businesslike image of the younger gang leaders, many mobsters are still animals in fedoras. If Sam Giancana moves, as he has, with Frank Sinatra on one level, his henchmen move on another. One of the most chilling conversations that the FBI has overheard involved two of Giancana's hoods telling a third, "Jackie," about the murder of one of their colleagues, a 350-pounder by the name of William Jackson.

James Lorello Jackson was hung up on that meat hook. He was so heavy he bent it. He was on that thing three days before he croaked.

Luigi Bucieri (giggling): Jackie, you shoulda seen the guy. Like an elephant, he was, and when Jimmy hit him with that electric prod

Lorello (textedly): He was floppin'

Flatbush; a Cosa Nostra man still looks upon himself as a Sicilian or a Neapolitan, distrusting the other. Nor is the Commission itself what it once was. Two places, vacated by death, have not been filled. Two of the commissioners, Philadelphia's Angelo Bruno and New York's Joe Colombo, command little respect. Detroit's Joe Zerilli rarely attends meetings. A former commissioner, New York's Joe Bonanno, was kicked out in 1964 and his family reassigned when he attempted to kill off some of the other bosses (see box on page 27).

The Law's Delay

Where is the law? Why, despite some troubles, does Cosa Nostra survive and thrive? Beyond its own inherent strength and tradition is its ability to corrupt civil officials. Probably no other group in history has made such a fine art of corruption. Without the fix, Cosa Nostra would not last out the year. Nor are local cops the only ones who yield to temptation. Three days after a report on skimming in Las Vegas was sent to the U.S. Attorney General's office in 1963, a complete copy was in the hands of the criminals cited in the report. The conduit for that leak has never been found.

Even in the absence of official dishonesty, law enforcement has often proved inept. Most city and state police agencies are still not equipped to deal effectively with clever, well-financed conspiracies that extend across city and state lines. The FBI is better trained, of course, but its special agents hardly constitute a national police force, and were never intended to do so. Until the beginning of the decade, federal authorities merely nodded while the mobsters nibbled away at the country. Besides, coordination among law-enforcement agencies at all levels is frequently weak or totally absent. Even when pressure is applied vigorously, resulting in arrests and convictions, LCN can quickly fill personnel gaps.

Nor that prosecution is easy under the best of circumstances. The gangsters' well-paid legal corps takes full advantage of the Bill of Rights. The Mob's muscle often takes care of potential witnesses. It takes a brave citizen to call the police. Also, most of the evidence gathered by the FBI, until recently, was not admissible in court.

Much is changing. Though more vigilant observation might have detected it long before, a major revelation occurred in 1957, when New York state police happened upon a meeting of the Commission and its lieutenants at the estate of Joseph Barbara in upstate Apalachin. The authorities were able to find out who the mobsters were and, more important, that they were together. In 1962, Joe Valachi, the Cosa Nostra soldier-turned-informer, confirmed and explained what the FBI had been hearing from its bugs for months. Though he looked at the Mob from the bottom up, Valachi's remarkable memory nonetheless provided invaluable insights into



ALBERT ANASTASIA'S BODY LYING IN NEW YORK BARBERSHOP

Without the independents, pot could be profitable.

gether with the organization's dynastic structure, offer some clues to its remarkable durability. Son follows father, underboss follows boss, and the line continues over the decades.

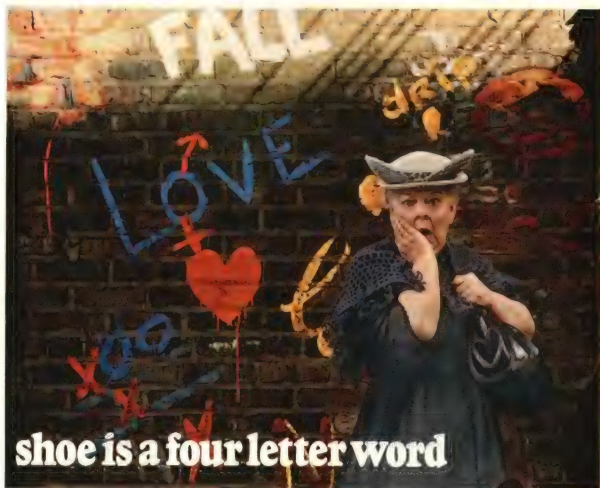
Another element seems to be a sense of unity against a world viewed as hostile. The chaotic history of Sicily remains an unconscious memory. There, amid poverty and foreign intrusion, survival and prosperity depended on one's own immediate group and one's own rules. Does the younger generation have any qualms about what it is doing? It would seem not. In *The Godfather*, the Dartmouth-educated son of a New York boss gives his bride what is probably the typical rationale. Members of Cosa Nostra, he reasons, are no worse than any other Americans. "In my history course at Dartmouth, we did some background on all the Presidents, and they had fathers and grandfathers who were lucky they didn't get hanged."

Perhaps. They were not, however, likely to employ the sadistic methods that Cosa Nostra still finds useful. Despite

around on that hook, Jackie. We tossed water on him to give the prod a better charge, and he's screamin'.

Despite Cosa Nostra's obvious frightening strengths, new problems and challenges are coming at it from several sides. In the slums, for instance, its control of gambling and vice is being contested, sometimes successfully, by the blacks. Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans who want a share of the action. In Buffalo, the blacks at first worked a bargain with Magaddino by which they would control the numbers racket, giving him only a 10% tribute. Later, when he ran into trouble with the authorities, they stopped the 10% entirely. That was nothing compared to the trouble that Ruggiero Boiaro had in Newark. There Negroes not only took over the lottery but also shook down Boiaro's numbers men and occasionally took shots at them.

There are, in addition, internal disputes, like the messy slaying of New York Boss Albert Anastasia in 1957. Even though he has never been east of



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its organization. From January 1961 to December 1968, the Government indicted 290 members of Cosa Nostra and obtained 147 convictions, with many cases still pending. Some of the bosses themselves have been jailed, while many have found their activities severely curtailed because of continuous scrutiny.

Strengthening Hand

Most of the surveillance has come from electronic bugs and telephone taps, which have supplied something like 80% of the information the Government has on the Mob. While bugging is still the subject of considerable controversy—and can be a serious danger to civil liberties if misused—a law passed by Congress last year at least clarifies the Government's powers and gives the Justice Department broader jurisdiction. For the time being, electronic snooping seems to be a necessary, if risky weapon.

Federal funds are now available in increasing amounts to help city and state agencies prepare for the challenge. Two

major bills now pending in Congress could have significant results. One would strengthen the hand of prosecutors and grand juries in mounting investigations and make involvement in organized crime generally—regardless of the specific violation—a federal offense. The second measure would invoke civil procedures, such as antitrust action, to attack organized crime behind its screen of hog-legitimacy.

Beyond new statutes and energetic reinforcement, the nation needs another, stronger weapon: public indignation. There is not nearly enough of that in the U.S. No other Western, industrial country in modern times has suffered criminal abuses on such a scale. America's porous, pluralistic and permissive society offers extraordinary opportunities, chances to hide and to advance, for the enterprising and imaginative criminal. But, most fundamentally, U.S. society helps the criminal by toleration (occasionally even admiration) and by providing a ready market for his ser-

vices. Illicit gambling thrives because of the popular demand for it. Politicians of questionable integrity remain in office because the electorate allows it. Entrepreneurs who half-knowingly accept dirty money with the rationale that business is business are as corrupt as grafting politicians.

Tolerating the Mob

In large measure, the modern Mob lacks the traditional justification for crime—the bitter spur of poverty. It also lacks the occasional, near-heroic dimension of defying law and the established order for the sake of rebellion. It is by and large a middle-class sort of Mob, more or less tolerated by the affluent. Among the public there is often a certain psychological hypocrisy. Rage is great over conspicuous criminal acts, but there is less anger over the far more harmful deprivations that are the specialty of organized crime. Until there is a popular revolt, La Cosa Nostra will probably endure.

Portrait of an Obsolete Mobster

EVICTED from the Mob's top hierarchy in 1964, Joe Bonanno of New York—one of the bloodiest killers in Cosa Nostra's history—eventually retired to Tucson, Ariz., where, amid his fig and orange trees, he now lives modestly, reflecting on his days of power and plotting his comeback. His life is not entirely normal, however. The FBI tried, unsuccessfully, to recruit his confidant and all-round handyman, David Hill, 21, as an informer. Once a bomb landed in Bonanno's backyard, he thinks that an FBI agent may have prompted two young thugs to throw the bomb and start a fight between Bonanno and another mobster—a sequel to the "Banana War" that followed his downfall.

Bonanno may get support for his bizarre notion. Tucson authorities are preparing to try two men for attempting to dynamite Bonanno's house. A prosecution witness claims that an FBI man put them up to it. Thinking that Bonanno has been badly treated, young Hill last week volunteered to talk about his boss to TIME Reporter James Will-

worth. The following is Hill's portrait of an obsolete mobster.

Like many other retired executives, Bonanno finds the routine irksome. Most mornings Hill drives him into town, where Bonanno attends to errands until about noon. Returning home—a rather small, three-bedroom house at 1847 East Elm Street—he usually lunches on an Italian sausage sandwich, then puts on a "ghostly-looking" pair of Bermudas for a couple of hours of sun and reading in the yard.

Shortly before dinner, Bonanno changes into slacks and as a never-changing rule, sits down with a snifter of brandy and provolone. After dinner, preferably goat meat or *scampi* and Pouilly-Fuisse (1959 or 1961), he has a cigar, reads the newspapers and watches television newscasts, ending up with a late movie. His favorite stars are Alice Faye and—of course—George Raft.

Except for Hill, whose blond good looks, shaggy hair and modish clothes could easily mark him as a jet-setter, there is almost no one else around. It is a sad contrast to his high-rolling days, when prominent clergymen, judges and politicians felt it an honor to be entertained at the home of the mobster known as Joe Bananas. When the Government tried to deport Bonanno in 1954, for instance, among those who testified as character witnesses were the Most Rev. Francis Green, former Congressman Harold Patten and former Arizona Supreme Court Justice Evo DeConcini (the Most Rev. Francis Green is now the Roman Catholic bishop of Tucson).

Now Bonanno's heart condition keeps him close to Tucson—the fact that a grand jury in New York wants him for questioning may also be persuasive—but

he is not really at home. Newspapers ride him. Substantial gifts to the Roman Catholic Church and philanthropies have somehow failed to make people forget about his background.

Bonanno often walks back and forth for hours, deep in thought. Hill says that he has seen him touch the tips of his fingers together, point them at the sky and moan "I am in the world for 64 years, and only in the last five years have these things happened to me!" Other times he will be more philosophical. "I know it's my fault. It was impossible for me to foresee these things." He has only three ambitions now. One is to move closer to his children in Palo Alto, Calif. The second is to visit once more his birthplace and the graves of his parents in Castellammare del Golfo, Sicily, home of so many American Mafiosi. The third, which he apparently does not tell young Hill about, is to return to power, and, like Napoleon at Elba, he still dreams of the day when he can march home and reclaim his Cosa Nostra family.



BONANNO IN TUCSON



HANDYMAN HILL

PUBLIC FIGURES AND THEIR PRIVATE LIVES

LESS well remembered than Lord Acton's celebrated aphorism about the corrupting effects of power is his dictum that "Everything secret degenerates; nothing is safe that does not show it can bear discussion and publicity." Carl Jung agreed that "all personal secrets have the effect of sin or guilt." These statements aptly define the attitude of a democratic society—particularly



CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF

the U.S.—toward its leaders. The man in public life has a private life that is not exclusively his own. It is assumed that the people's right to know includes the right to know all, or almost all, about their chosen leaders: health, habits, character and foibles. The public's curiosity is insatiable, and often for good reason. If a politician behaves badly in private matters, he might act the same way in his public duties. That, at any rate, is the theory that has always linked scandal and history, low gossip and high statesmanship.

Empires have been shaken and governments have fallen because of private indiscretion. Thwarted in love as well as politics, the bitterly frustrated young Crown Prince Rudolf, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, killed himself and his mistress at the resort of Mayerling in 1889. The royal family did its best to hush up the scandal, but rumors rocked the empire and speeded up the pace of its dissolution. Home rule seemed all but assured for Ireland until the chief advocate in Britain's Parliament, Charles Parnell, was haled into court as a correspondent in a divorce case. Because of his affair with Kitty O'Shea, which outraged Irish Catholics and British Nonconformists alike, Parnell was ruined and home rule was set back for more than 30 years.

The Relativity of Scandal

The death of Mary Jo Kopecne on Chappaquiddick Island last month does not belong in the same category as these and similar scandal-tinged tragedies. Edward Kennedy has denied all charges of indiscretion with the young woman, and there is neither proof nor convincing speculation to the contrary. Yet his inconsistent and clearly incomplete explanations have allowed doubts to persist that involve much more than Kennedy's political future. The fortunes of the Democratic Party in the 1972 presidential election have been affected; so, perhaps, have been some of the liberal causes that Ted Kennedy espoused.

The reaction to the Chappaquiddick mystery once again illustrates that in the processes of public judgment, perhaps the most powerful factors are appearance and imagination. Scandal is a relative matter. How people react to an alleged or suspected indiscretion depends on time and place, on who knows and who tells, on the prestige—and vulnerability—of the persons involved. Pure caprice is often a factor. What one man gets away with for a lifetime may destroy another overnight. Charles Parnell fell from power because of the honest love of a married woman, while his near-contemporary, David Lloyd George, remained Prime Minister of Great Britain despite many love affairs and several illegitimate children. As his son almost boastfully put it: "He was probably the greatest natural Don Juan in the history of British politics. To portray his life without taking into account this side of his personality is like failing to depict Beethoven's handicap of deafness during the composition of his greatest works."

How much a scandal hurts often depends on how skillfully it is exploited by political enemies. When he accepted a token gift for putting in a good word for his friend Ber-

nard Goldfine with the Federal Trade Commission, Sherman Adams, Eisenhower's Presidential Assistant, did not do anything much out of the ordinary in Washington. But congressional Democrats, who were smarting from charges of corruption during the Truman Administration, seized their opportunity and drove Adams from public life. Former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas exercised bad judgment when he accepted a retainer from the foundation of financier Louis Charles Wolfson, whose case was due for review by the court. Yet Fortas might have been able to keep his seat on the bench if he had not been associated with the wheel-dealer politicking of Lyndon Johnson, or so closely identified with the liberal, activist opinions of the Warren court.

Nuances of Behavior

Even if they are surrounded by enemies ready to pounce at their first lapse, public figures can get away with a lot if their misdeeds are only a matter of gossip. The U.S. President, in particular, is well insulated against excessively prying eyes. Warren Harding employed the Secret Service to keep watch over his liaisons in the White House. Franklin Roosevelt's affair with his wife's social secretary, Lucy Mercer, was successfully kept out of print even though it almost broke up his marriage. Washington gossips amused themselves with stories about John Kennedy's attentiveness to pretty girls; yet no hint of scandal emerged to damage his career.

There is a kind of safety in the undocumented rumor. On the other hand, even relatively innocuous events can become damaging once they are matters of public record. Justice Hugo Black's brief, youthful membership in the Ku Klux Klan did nothing to shape his judicial philosophy; yet when Black's Klan affiliation was revealed shortly after his appointment to the Supreme Court, he was almost forced to resign. Nelson Rockefeller had a possible shot at the Republican presidential nomination in 1964. But he was removed

from contention when he divorced his wife of 18 years to marry a mother of four, who lost custody of her children by choosing to marry Rocky.

The kind of private behavior that is tolerated in public figures varies considerably from nation to nation. Each country has its own unwritten code of seemingly behavior. It would have been acceptable for the Prince of Wales to carry on a discreet affair with Mrs. Wallis Simpson, if he had wanted to; but for him as King Edward VIII to marry a divorced American woman was unthinkable. Class resentment and sexual envy were aroused in the British public by the disclosure that the Tory Secretary of State for War, John



LLOYD GEORGE

Profumo, had fraternized with Christine Keeler and assorted other shady characters. But when Profumo lied about the matter to the House of Commons, he destroyed his standing with the Establishment as well. Such flouting of tradition brought about his own resignation and contributed to a Labor victory the following year.

Italy is sunnily tolerant of sexual peccadilloes; in a land without divorce, why should an unhappily married man of wealth and influence not be allowed a mistress? What an Italian politician must guard against is making a *brutta figura*—roughly, a fool of himself. The late Communist Party boss, Palmiro Togliatti, left his wife to live with a woman 27 years younger than he; yet his standing in politics was unaffected. By contrast, Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani was forced to resign from office in 1965 simply because his

wife made a mistake. The right-wing magazine *Il Borghese* published a politically embarrassing interview with Fanfani's old friend Giorgio La Pira, the former mayor of Florence. When La Pira tried to deny some of the remarks attributed to him, *Il Borghese* then revealed that the interview had been arranged by Fanfani's wife—and had taken place in his own house. *Che brutta figura*.



WARREN HARDING

France, too, is tolerant of misbehavior by its leaders, but they must take place within the proper social milieu. During the recent French election, Presidential Candidate Georges Pompidou had to combat rumors that his lively wife had taken part in several wild parties tossed by the rich-hippie jet setters of Saint-Tropez. Whether or not the charges were true, many Frenchmen were displeased, partly because Madame Pompidou had consorted with people who were not her kind—a social rather than a moral mistake. In Japan, where women are emerging from second-class citizenship, politicians are accustomed to entertaining guests with bar girls hired for the occasion. Last winter, Premier Eisaku Sato's wife admitted in an interview that her husband used to run around with other women and even beat her up occasionally. The public was not outraged but amused.

America Asked Less

Americans once demanded a lot less of their national public figures than they do now. In the frontier days, a politician often proved himself by demonstrating his capacity for drink, women and duels. Alexander Hamilton was able to continue his career in politics even after publicly acknowledging that he had paid blackmail to a woman. The fact that Andrew Jackson killed a man in a duel, defending the honor of his wife, probably helped him get elected President. During his four years in the White House, Franklin Pierce often drank himself into a stupor, but, says Historian John Roche: "In those days it really didn't make much difference. The President didn't do anything anyway." Nor did Pierce ever mend his ways. "After the White House, what is there to do but drink?" he complained.

Gradually, frontier lustiness was replaced by a Victorian sense of decorum and a growing belief at least in the surface dignity of politics. Politicians had to be more careful. Shortly after Grover Cleveland received the Democratic presidential nomination in 1884, a newspaper revealed that he had been supporting an illegitimate child for several years. Distraught party leaders asked him what to do. "Tell the



FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

truth," he doubtfully replied. The truth scarcely satisfied Republicans, who improvised several more scandals about Cleveland and made the most of a campaign ditty: "Ma, ma, where's our pa? Gone to the White House. Ha! Ha! Ha!" Cleveland narrowly won because of his public probity and also because women did not have the vote.

The growth of national politics with a universal franchise and universal publicity has made it much harder for a public figure to hide his indiscretions. Only politicians with safe constituencies can carry on the way they used to. By pacifying their constituents with assorted favors, Congressmen as diverse as South Carolina's hard-drinking Mendel Rivers and Harlem's high-living Adam Clayton Powell are still able to ride out allegations of impropriety. Where money is concerned the public is more exacting. As a Senator from Massachusetts, Daniel Webster maintained a private fund that had been collected from wealthy businessmen. He was criticized for it, but he

had nothing to worry about: he was elected by a state legislature dominated by these same businessmen. In 1952, when it was disclosed by the press that Richard Nixon had a similar fund, he was saved only by a dramatic television appeal: the famous "Checkers speech."

Strain of Office

While the U.S. has become more permissive about such matters as divorce and sex outside marriage, the public is demanding more of politicians these days—possibly because they are demanding more of themselves. Since the new politician relies more on his "image" and personality, he must answer for their defects as well. And these are scrutinized more closely than ever by an omnivorous press. His flaws are almost always excruciatingly on display.

It is hard to object to this rise in political standards: yet perfection has its limits. The man entrusted with high public office today operates under unprecedented strain: he may well feel personally responsible for the survival of much of the human race in the nuclear age. More than ever, he needs the kind of private release that the open frontier once provided. A successful politician often possesses immense energy that needs to be released. The obscure private citizen can lose control of himself in public. Nobody but his friends will care. The man in public life must exercise iron control.

It may be that Americans have overmoralized public office. They tend to equate public greatness with private goodness, forgetting that a revered President like Abraham Lincoln suffered assorted psychosomatic ailments, that he was absent-minded,



PRINCE OF WALES

and told jokes that made him seem callous. If private rectitude were tantamount to public usefulness, then Calvin Coolidge would be esteemed the greatest President.

In a way, too much purity begs to be tarnished. It is only human to want to tear down that which has been built up too far. Americans have borrowed their notion of statesmanship in large part from the Romans, who emphasized dignity and piety. Perhaps they should have taken some lessons from the Greeks as well, who knew better than to expect more than moderately good conduct from their leaders. A quest for perfection was hubris and ended in disaster.

Life, said John Kennedy, is unfair—and he might have added that it is especially unfair to politicians. Although they, in fact, have asked for it by seeking the glory and the burden of public service, they do have the right, simply as human beings, to privacy, relaxation and escape from responsibility. Politicians are bound to have their share of sins and foibles. Their problem, however, is not the foibles themselves but how to deal with them when they become public. The significance of the Chappaquiddick incident for Ted Kennedy is not whether he drank too much or planned a romp on the beach with the unfortunate Mary Jo. The key question, in the mind of the public, is why he took so long to report the accident. His self-confessed "inexplicable" behavior in a moment of stress raises the issue of how he might act in a major crisis. The bizarre and ugly rumors that have arisen since Mary Jo's death are deplorable and, for the most part, almost certainly untrue. Innocent as Ted Kennedy might be in that respect, he can be faulted for not following Grover Cleveland's example: tell the whole truth. His carefully prepared and yet unsatisfying explanation leaves room for the suspicion that he was somehow trying to escape blame for his actions. When a woman threatened to write about her liaison with the Duke of Wellington, he retorted: "Publish and be damned." She did, and who remembers her? The case was different, of course, but frankness can dispel the power of ambiguous appearances and overactive imagination. The truth, after all, is less strange than the fictions other people tell.

THE WORLD



BRITISH SOLDIERS PATROLLING BELFAST



LONDONDERRY COP WARDING OFF ROCKS

ULSTER: ENGULFED IN SECTARIAN STRIFE

TRAILING jets of bright orange flame, gasoline fire bombs arched across barricades that sealed off the dreary Catholic slum of Bogside from the rest of Londonderry. As the bombs exploded among groups of Northern Ireland's constabulary, setting some men afire, the police raised their billy clubs and beat a sharp tattoo on their riot shields. That was the signal to charge. Repeatedly, the police slashed into the mobs, but each time the Catholics drove them back across the barricades. "We've had 50 years of it—the System," hissed a leathery middle-aged man. "It should be ended this time, once and for all."

Last week, beneath the tortress where Protestants and Catholics fought one another 280 years ago, religious warfare erupted again in Northern Ireland. In the worst outbreak of sectarian violence since Ulster was severed from the newly partitioned Irish Free State in 1921, bitterly divided Catholics and Protestants battled one another first with rocks, then with Molotov cocktails, and finally with savage gunfire. Despite the deployment of British troops, the first to be used against Irish rioters since the Black and Tans of half a century ago, armed clashes spread swiftly to at least nine cities and towns. At week's end, in a conflict that bordered on civil war, nine were dead and nearly 500 injured.

Unequal Treatment. Relations between Ulster's 1,000,000 Protestants and its Catholic minority of 500,000 have been severely strained ever since Northern Ireland was separated from the South. In the past ten months, however, sectarian bitterness has mounted, as Catholics intensified their protest against a system that had always short-changed them in housing, employment and voting. It was a system that changed glacially, since it has been dominated by the Protestant-run Union Party and a Protestant oligarchy. Ironically, the

Protestants were at last beginning to meet Catholic demands.

Though the Catholic leadership has been encouraged by the progress already made through protest politics, for some Catholics the issue had gone far beyond civil rights. They were openly calling on the Republic to help them. Protestants, for their part, grew more suspicious than ever that the rioting was a "popish" plot to reunite the two Irelands. Though such a solution is unlikely, the bloody outbursts raised the question of whether Northern Ireland could endure under its present government. Prime Minister Major James Chichester-Clark referred to the crisis as "our darkest hour."

Free-for-All. That crisis might well have been averted by Chichester-Clark himself. After two outbreaks of violence in the past month, both Catholic and Protestant moderates called on him to ban sectarian demonstrations, including last week's annual parade to celebrate the end of the Catholic siege of Londonderry in 1689 (see box). In past years the parade, sponsored by the militantly Protestant Orange Order, has frequently deteriorated into a virulent, Catholic-baiting free-for-all. Chichester-Clark chose not to cancel the parade.

Busloads of Orangemen poured into Londonderry, bedecked with bowler hats and crimson sashes and carrying banners bearing portraits of William of Orange. When the parade reached the Catholic slum of Bogside, youths who had massed behind police barriers began pelting the band-playing, jig-dancing "Prods" with rocks. The police and Prods threw rocks back, and the fight was on.

Bogside's erected barricades of overturned vehicles and debris. Teen-agers and young adults scrambled onto rooftops and rained gasoline bombs down on the police. Children squatted in the

dirt making the missiles, one bunch rounding up empty pop bottles, another filling them with gasoline and stuffing in rag wicks. The mood bordered on insurrection. From the roof of a ten-story public-housing development fluttered the tricolor of the Irish Republic, the blue plough-and-stars banner of the 1916 Irish rebels and, for a time, a U.S. flag.

Bernadette's Bark. On the barricades, dressed in jeans and boots, stood Ulster's own La Pasionaria: M. P. Bernadette Devlin, 22, who won election to the British Parliament last spring on a platform of equality for Catholics. "Let all men prepare to defend their homes," she barked into a bullhorn. "Women and children must be taken out of the area."

Night after night, the fighting spread until, as one Catholic member of Northern Ireland's Parliament put it, the government was dealing "not with riots but with an uprising." By far the most savage fighting occurred in the capital, Belfast, where the explosion of gasoline bombs was counterpointed by the sharp crackle of gunfire. As police told it, they returned shots in self-defense only. But on the first night of shooting, by official count, only three police were wounded, while four civilians died from gunshot wounds and 47 were injured. One of the dead was a nine-year-old Catholic boy, shot as he huddled inside his family's home while street warfare raged outside.

No Pope Here. The worst damage, reported TIME Correspondent Curtis Prendergast from Belfast, was visited on the dismal back streets that serve as borders between rows of Protestant and Catholic shanties, identical except for the telltale daubings on the walls: "No Pope here" on one side of the street, "Up the I.R.A." [for Irish Republican Army] on the other. The stunned residents of Conway

Street claimed that Protestant gangs had swept down on their homes with fire bombs. Behind them stood 41 gutted houses, side by side. From Protestant territory at the next corner, a white-haired Protestant grandmother, 70, whose grocery store and home had been burned down last month, boasted: "I got me own back last night."

Across the border, Premier Jack Lynch of the Irish Republic claimed that Northern Ireland's authorities had lost control and called on the United Nations to intervene—a demand that was unlikely to get very far. Lynch also ordered military medical units to set up field hospitals on the border to treat wounded Catholics who refused to be treated in Northern hospitals.

Halfway House. Appearing on television, Chichester-Clark denounced "sinister elements—anarchists and others" for starting the fighting. Two days later, voicing the deep Protestant suspicion that any British help would lead to a loss of majority control, he warned Parliament: "Those who cry so loudly for British intervention see it as a halfway house to the long-sought goal of an Irish Republic."

Nonetheless, it became clear that the Royal Ulster Constabulary, which numbers about 3,000 men, was incapable of restoring order. The hasty call-up of 11,000 police auxiliaries only worsened matters; Catholics consider them little more than armed Protestants. Finally Chichester-Clark had an urgent telephone conversation with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Breaking off a vacation at his Scilly Islands retreat, Wilson helicoptered to a Royal Navy base in Cornwall for a three-hour conference with Home Secretary James Callaghan, who holds responsibility for Ulster.

Though he was well aware that Irish politics proved the graveyard of many a 19th century British government, Wilson reluctantly moved 300 troops into Londonderry, followed by an airlift of 600 to Belfast. By week's end, with the "full consent" of the Ulster government, an additional 1,000 British reinforcements were put on alert to move into Northern Ireland. Ulster, for all intents and purposes, had turned itself over to the foreign peace-keepers.

The most immediate problem was to restore order. There were hints that Chichester-Clark might decide to invoke Northern Ireland's Special Powers Act, which could enable police to undertake mass arrests and detentions. At best, however, such wholesale round-ups could lead to nothing more than a temporary cooling-off period. At worst, since most police are Protestants, they could simply compound Catholic panic and resentment. Britain's direct involvement in its new Irish "troubles," belated and reluctant as it was, provided the only measure of relief. That involvement may well increase substantially, and perhaps indefinitely, before any kind of normalcy can return to sundered Northern Ireland.

1608 and All That

UNTIL the 17th century, Ulster was one of the most Gaelic provinces of Ireland. The charm of the land, with its soft glens and mist-hung mountains, its harpers, poets, cattle raids and mythic storytelling, powerfully attracted the English settlers in Dublin and the area around it known as the Pale. Though most of the chiefs of the north had made a token submission to the English Crown, they actually ruled with little outside interference.

It was Queen Elizabeth who made the first determined effort to bring Ulster to heel. Hugh O'Neill and his Ulster ally, Red Hugh O'Donnell, rebelled against this effort, and their kerns and galloglasses (light- and heavy-armed infantry) won a succession of victories over the Earl of Essex, the Queen's favorite. The war dragged on for nearly a decade, and was climaxed by the Battle of Kinsale, at which the English defeated a combined force of Ulstermen and Spaniards.

The Crown confiscated the rich lands of the rebels and brought in a flood of Scotch and English settlers in the famous "plantation of Ulster" in 1608. The seaport of Derry was handed over to the city of London and renamed Londonderry. Yet 30 years later the Ulster Irish were still strong enough to launch another uprising, under Owen Roe O'Neill. It grew so serious that it finally required the fire-and-sword scourging of Ireland by Oliver Cromwell.

Before the Reformation, religion had hardly been a problem, since both the Irish and the English were Roman Catholics. After it, the Church of England maintained that its members were still Catholics but refused to recognize the authority of the Pope. Both church and Crown took a dim view of the Irish Catholics, who continued their allegiance to the Pope. Both also viewed with disfavor the Scotch-Irish Protestants, considering them dissidents from the Church of England. As a result, relations between the Irish Protestants and Catholics were often surprisingly good, since both felt oppressed by England.

The final chance for the Ulster Irish to rule their own land came in 1689 with the arrival in Ireland of James II, the Pretender to the English throne, which was then occupied by the Dutchman, William of Orange. Irish Catholics supplied Catholic James with fighting men, but their hopes were crushed in two battles. Spurred by antipathy, the Ulster Protestants rallied to William and successfully withstood a 31-month Catholic siege of Londonderry. Later, at the famous Battle of the Boyne River, the Irish Catholics were on the brink of winning—until James II panicked and fled.

Even so, the real religious bitterness in Ulster dates only from the early

years of this century. As the Irish got closer to Home Rule, the Protestants of Ulster feared for their future in a largely Catholic Ireland. The outbreak of World War I put a temporary halt to the divisions in Ireland. Thousands of Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, enlisted in the British army, illustrating the traditional lament that "more Irishmen have died fighting for England than ever died fighting against her."

At war's end the struggle began again with the long years of the "Troubles." The Irish Republican Army, brilliantly

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BATTLE OF THE BOYNE (1690)

led by Michael Collins, fought one of the first of this century's many guerrilla wars. The bloodletting continued until 1921, and was ended when Britain's Prime Minister David Lloyd George offered peace on the basis of a partition of Ireland into 26 independent counties, called the Irish Free State, and six of the original nine counties of Ulster, which would remain united with Great Britain. Michael Collins accepted the offer, but diehard I.R.A. men, who wanted a united Ireland or none at all, plunged the newly independent state, later called Eire, into civil war. The internecine fighting cost Collins his life.

The Protestant majority ruling the six counties has lived ever since in exaggerated fear of a takeover by Eire, which is 96% Catholic. Even more feared than a takeover from without, however, is one from within—since the number of Ulster's Catholics is increasing faster than that of its Protestants. Through voting restrictions and gerrymandering, the Protestants have attempted to ensure that these gains in population will not lead to increased Catholic power at the polls. The result has been the growing bitterness and clashes of recent years, exacerbated on both sides by long Irish memories.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S TENSE ANNIVERSARY

SINCE the party cannot change the people," Alexander Dubček once said, "it must itself change." One year ago this week, Dubček's historic attempt to guide Czechoslovakia's Communist Party in the direction of that change was suddenly and brutally undone. On a quiet August night, some 200,000 Soviet troops, with token support from East German, Polish, Hungarian and Bulgarian forces, crossed into Czechoslovakia. Whatever Dubček's miscalculations in conducting the most democratic experiment in Communism's history, he was undoubtedly right about the desires of the people. They have not changed. As the nation moved tensely toward the anniversary, both the Soviet Union and Prague's "normalized" leadership nervously prepared for outbreaks of defiance.

Absorbing Maneuver. In some ways, their preparations were eerie reminders of the buildup to last summer's invasion. The two top leaders, Party Boss Gustav Husák and President Ludvík Svoboda, returned last week from an eight-day meeting with Soviet officials

in the Crimea. They were probably exposed to some of the same demands for strict party control that awaited Dubček last year at the showdown sessions in Čierna and Bratislava. More ominously, Soviet troops were reported to be conducting large scale maneuvers in Poland and East Germany along their frontiers with Czechoslovakia. Within the country, where the occupation forces have recently swelled to at least 100,000 Russian troops, armored units were said to be on the move in Moravia and Bohemia.

In Prague, the government stepped up its campaign to warn that it will deal harshly with disturbances. In thousands of leaflets, leaders of the liberal underground have called on Czechoslovaks to make the anniversary a national "day of shame" by boycotting state services; more than 200 people were detained for printing and distributing the leaflets. Determined to avert all demonstrations and minimize even passive resistance, the government urged all citizens to "watch out for disruptive elements," placed the army, police and



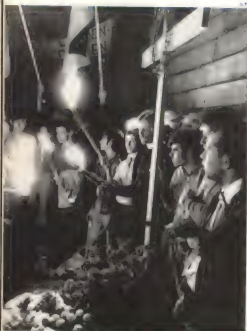
PARTY BOSS HUSÁK

The desires have not changed.

people's militia on full alert and warned that anyone who failed to report to work would have to give a personal accounting. The nation's schools have become incubators of anti-Soviet feeling, even down to the elementary level (see color). Fortunately for Prague's rulers, the schools will be closed for the summer vacation until next month.

Fret Aloud. At Moscow's behest, the government is attempting to justify the invasion by "documenting" the existence of an anti-socialist conspiracy last year. The party daily *Rudé Právo*, for example, last week quoted one speaker at a meeting of regional Communist district chiefs held in May 1968 as warning: "Right-wing opposition forces with varying degrees of anti-Communist and anti-socialist orientation are beginning to emerge on the political scene." The newspaper said that the speaker, who also noted that the Russians were justifiably worried about this trend, was none other than Alexander Dubček. Later in the week, the newspaper acknowledged that "one of the officials" it had quoted—probably Dubček—had protested that his remarks had been used in an untruthful manner.

In fact, Dubček, demoted last April to the figurehead post of president of the National Assembly, had occasionally fretted aloud at the speed and enthusiasm with which his reform movement took hold in Czechoslovakia. But he did not dwell on anti-socialist dangers. On the night of the invasion, two conservative members of the Presidium presented a memorandum stating that the party was losing control of Czechoslovakia to reactionaries. Dubček and his majority on the Presidium quickly rejected it. As Dubček evidently concluded, the perils of "anti-socialism" were distinctly preferable to the economic stagnation and moral despair that have now settled on Czechoslovakia. That conclusion is unacceptable to the Soviets. It is all too obvious, however, to the 40,000 Czechoslovaks who have already chosen exile from their homeland—and, more painfully so, to those who stayed behind.



Learning to Live with the Wall

AFTER years of living with the Wall, West Berliners last week accepted the eighth anniversary of its construction almost with a shrug. Local politicians and union leaders laid wreaths near places where refugees had been killed trying to escape from the East. A new political splinter group called for a nighttime march to the Wall, to the point where in 1962 East German guards shot 18-year-old Peter Fechter and then

left him on the ground to bleed to death. There were few marchers.

Before the Wall was built in 1961, more than 3,600,000 East Germans crossed into the West over a period of 16 years. Since then, only 128,000 have escaped illegally, and at least 100,000 of them managed it by using false identity papers. It is now estimated that scarcely 20 people a month cross the Wall into West Berlin.

A Child's Eye View of the Invasion

For Czechoslovak school children, the indelible memory of last summer's vacation came on August 21, as Russian tanks and troops invaded their homeland. These watercolors, painted after school reopened in the fall, are the work of ten- to fourteen-year-old students in a small Czechoslovak town located in the path of the invasion. The paintings were brought out of the country by the children's teacher, who now plans to settle abroad. At right, students block the path to Soviet tanks by sitting in the street. Below, a wounded Czechoslovak is carried off by stretcher-bearers. In this town, nine persons reportedly were killed and many others injured when the Russians opened fire on the defiant populace.





As the long barrel of a Soviet tank gun swings menacingly toward a crowd, a child climbs up and paints a swastika, the symbol of Czechoslovakia's other well-remembered occupier, on the side of the tank.



A Czechoslovak youth who painted "Occupiers go home" on a wall is arrested and guarded by a Soviet soldier.



As a helicopter hovers overhead, a Russian tank and truck burn in the town square, set afire by youths. Other people pelt the vehicles with rocks from the building at left, while a

patriot waves the Czechoslovak flag from its roof. At center, standing in reproach to the invaders, is a monument to the Russian liberators of World War II.

A BATTLE ON THE SINO-SOVIET BORDER

FOR the fifth time in six months, the world's two largest Communist states battled each other across their common border. In the wild, thinly populated region where China's Sinkiang region and Soviet Kazakhstan meet, Russian border guards and Chinese militia shattered the early morning stillness with grenades and submachine guns. The Soviets apparently got the better of the battle, but the question of who won seemed relatively unimportant. Far more serious was the question: How many such pitched battles can take place before the two giants stumble into all-out war?

The latest fight took place in the vicinity of the Dzungarian Gates, the ancient traders' pass that was the scene of two brief but bitter encounters in June; two other skirmishes occurred in

March and July farther to the east, along the Amur and Ussuri rivers separating eastern Siberia and Manchuria. In a protest to Moscow, Peking's foreign ministry charged last week that Soviet border guards had advanced 11 miles into Sinkiang's Yumin County and opened fire on Chinese guards carrying out "normal patrol duty." The Chinese fell back, they said afterward, to "prevent worsening of the situation." Two officers were captured by the Russians in the midst of the Chinese retreat, the first prisoners taken in the border fights.

Different Version. Moscow described the battle very differently. The Russians charged that Chinese troops had been systematically organizing "provocative intrusions" in the area since May, de-

spite Soviet protests. Finally a force of 150 launched last week's attack. According to Russian commentators, Soviet border guards, using armored personnel carriers stormed Chinese positions with submachine guns and hand grenades. Two Russians were killed and eight reported wounded in a one-hour battle, while 25 Chinese died and 25 were wounded. A nagging discrepancy in the Russian account was the contention that the encounter took place six miles east of a settlement called Zhalanashkol. According to both Soviet and Chinese maps, that would put the site of the battle in Chinese territory. This led to speculation last week that the Russians, who have quarreled for centuries with the Chinese over boundaries (see box), have quietly been moving into territory belonging to the Chinese.

The battle took place only five days after representatives of the two nations

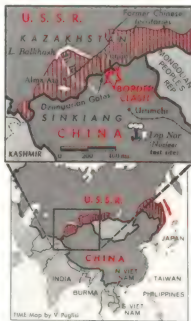
Sinkiang: Where It Could Begin

IF full-scale war ever erupts between the Soviet Union and China, a likely location for the opening battle is the Chinese region of Sinkiang. Occupying almost one-sixth of China's area, Sinkiang contains several volatile ingredients. Unlike other disputed border areas farther east, where the Amur and Ussuri rivers create a natural boundary, the 1,500-mile Sinkiang-Soviet frontier in many stretches is only vaguely demarcated. In addition, the area is the site of one of the most tempting targets in all of China: the nuclear testing grounds at Lop Nor.

Sinkiang is accustomed to trouble. A sparsely populated land of towering, snow-capped peaks and arid deserts, it is the fought-over gateway between Central Asia and the east. Marco Polo passed through Sinkiang on his way to China. So did other traders who carried Asia's luxuries to Europe. Chinese, Tibetans, Mongols and Turks have all left their mark.

Only 3,000,000 of Sinkiang's 8,000,000 people are Chinese, many of them recent settlers imported to strengthen Peking's ethnic hold. The others come from at least 14 minority nationalities. Some 4,000,000 are Uighurs, descendants of the 9th century Turkic invaders, and 600,000 are Kazakhs, Kirghiz and Tadzhiks. Divided by customs and heritage, the various minorities nonetheless are united in their hate of their present masters, who first penetrated Sinkiang under the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220).

Russian involvement in Sinkiang dates to the Czars. In the mid-19th century, Alexander II sent troops into northwestern Sinkiang to quell a Moslem revolt. An 1881 treaty restored part of the area to China, but Russia retained a large hunk. Stalin expanded Soviet influence in Sinkiang by using Soviet consulates and cultural centers for propaganda. In 1944, Moslem rebels financed by Moscow set up the East Turkestan Republic in Sinkiang. Up to the time Mao Tse-tung won control



of China, the Russians were trying to establish Sinkiang as an independent republic.

In a sense, the Chinese Communists might be better off if Stalin had succeeded. Sinkiang has meant mostly trouble for them. The proud, independent tribesmen have resisted Communist indoctrination efforts. They resent attempts to collectivize their herds of goats and cattle. Playing on those resentments, the Soviets in 1961 encouraged Sinkiang's Moslems to stir up the native groups by comparing their bad treatment under the Chinese with better conditions in the Soviet Union. When the snows melted in the spring, some 60,000 Uighurs and Kazakhs fled across the border. Soviet trucks picked up the refugees, while Russian troops sometimes covered their escape.

Since then, the situation has grown increasingly serious. Soviet radio stations beam programs into Sinkiang exhorting the minority groups to rise up in a war of liberation against the Maoists. The Chinese, badly outnumbered along the entire Sino-Soviet border, are at a special disadvantage in Sinkiang. Against some 150,000 to 200,000 troops across the Soviet border the Chinese have only 85,000 to 100,000. The Soviet troops, moreover, are backed up by medium-range missiles.

Despite their military superiority, the Soviets so far have carefully avoided even mentioning the possibility of a preventive strike against the Chinese nuclear test site in Sinkiang. At present, the Chinese lack an effective missile for their nuclear bombs. In four or five years, however, they may develop a delivery system that could establish a balance of terror between the two nervous neighbors. So far, Soviet policy has been to confine the fighting strictly to limited border areas. Still, the increasing gravity of the Sino-Soviet dispute—and the relative weakness of China's defenses—must present a certain temptation to Soviet military planners.



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AT AUSTIN-MG DEALERS

had met in the Russian border city of Khabarovsk to sign an agreement on river navigation. Observers had thought that the navigation talks might presage productive discussions on borders. The outbreak of shooting seemed to indicate that hostility between sides runs too deep for border unrest to die down.

The battle could, of course, have begun by accident. But Western observers reason that if anybody deliberately started the skirmish, the Russians would seem the more likely culprits. By keeping the Kazakhstan-Sinkiang border stirred up, Moscow may hope to prevent the Chinese from starting trouble along Russia's more remote and vulnerable far eastern border. There, several cities lie within easy reach of Chinese guns. More important, they lie within an area that was once controlled by China, a point that Peking drives home nightly with Russian-language radio broadcasts beamed to Siberia. The broadcasts sign off with the words: "Good night, citizens of Vladivostok [or Khabarovsk, or Nakhodka], and all of you who are living on temporarily occupied Chinese territory." Occasionally, the radio offers a leering suggestion that the girls wear their prettiest dresses to greet "the courageous soldiers of the People's Liberation Army."

Along the border with Sinkiang, on the other hand, the Russians have all the advantages. Their rail network runs to the border, ending at a town ironically named Druzhba (meaning friendship). The Chinese rail system goes no farther than Urumchi, Sinkiang's capital, 250 miles from the border.

Eve-of-War Mood. In the wake of last week's skirmish, Peking charged that the Russians have removed civilians from along their side of the border to carve out a twelve-mile-deep no-man's land in order to "intensify the threat of war against China." The Chinese frenetically warned citizens that it was a "false and deadly dangerous idea" to think that such a conflict would be restricted to the border.

In fostering an eve-of-war mood, Peking might have been reflecting its genuine fear that an all-out struggle may be imminent. But the propaganda serves another purpose as well. Since the excesses of the Cultural Revolution that began in 1966, China has been driven by factionalism. Followers of Mao Tse-tung, "revisionist" backers of deposed President Liu Shao-chi, and ultraradical Red Guards are all fighting for power in at least nine of China's 26 provinces and regions. There have been riots, work stoppages and economic disruptions.

Focusing attention on an external threat is a classic tactic for restoring internal unity, but it is also a dangerous one. With Peking constantly exhorting its citizens to "prepare for the enemy to launch a major war," and Moscow regularly reporting improvements in its civil-defense system, the climate for conflict already exists. In such a climate, a minor miscalculation could turn a border squabble into a major conflict.

ISRAEL

Commanding the Skies

Over three Arab countries last week, Israeli jets struck with sudden and lethal fury. Following a series of guerrilla attacks launched from Jordan, including the mining of a military bus, Mirage and Skyhawk bombers breached the \$85 million East Ghor irrigation canal, leaving the melon, banana and vegetable fields of thousands of Jordanian truck farmers without water. Next day the jets strafed and napalmed guerrilla hideouts 2,500 ft. up on forested Mount Hermon in southern Lebanon, the jump-off point for 21 attacks against Israeli farms and outposts in the past month. A third retaliatory raid silenced Jordanian heavy artillery near the Dead Sea, and a fourth hit Egyptian guns that had blasted Israeli troops on a beach south of Port Suez, killing one and wounding 19.

White on Blue. In the United Nations Security Council, Lebanon protested the Israeli strikes as an act of aggression. Premier Golda Meir, speaking in Haifa, replied that "if the Lebanese authorities do not deal with the terrorists, we shall have to do it." Almost certainly, the Israelis' method will be air strikes. They are finding air power to be quicker, less costly in casualties, and at least as effective as commando raids or other ground actions. From Suez to Syria, the white contrails of Israeli jets, only occasionally challenged by Arab MIGs and Sukhois, etch the blue summer skies. Since the Six-Day War, the aggressive and experienced Israeli pilots have made 53 "kills," losing eleven planes, mainly to ground fire. Last month alone, the Israelis outscored the Arabs 21 to 2 in dogfights.

But Egyptian and Syrian jets recently made their first brief attacks on Israeli military positions, prompting some concern among the military planners in Tel Aviv. What if the four rebuilt Arab air forces were to strike simultaneously? With the Arab armies still confined be-



JET TRAINERS PERFORMING AEROBATICS
Nothing patchwork about it.

hind such antitank obstacles as the Suez Canal and the Jordan River, and the Palestinian guerrilla drive slowed by bombing and tight border patrols, air strikes have become virtually the only way for the Arabs to attempt serious blows at Israel. Says Jordan's King Hussein: "We can no longer allow the enemy a free hand in our skies."

Meticulous Maintenance. The Israelis may not have a free hand always, but they certainly have the upper hand now. In the Six-Day War, the Israeli air force virtually determined the outcome by swiftly destroying 393 Egyptian, Jordanian, Syrian and Iraqi planes on the ground. They shot down another 59 Arab craft in dogfights. All told, the Israelis lost only 36 planes, most to ground fire. Today, the Israelis have about 300 French- and American-built combat planes, against about 800 Soviet-supplied MIGs and Sukhois. But Israel has more combat-ready pilots and, with meticulous maintenance, always enough jets ready for them to fly.

The Israeli air force was born in the 1948 War of Independence, with patchwork squadrons of American B-17s, British Mosquitos, and Czech-built Messerschmitts, many flown by former R.A.F. officers. One Jewish pilot found himself shooting down a former British squadron mate flying a Spitfire for the Egyptians. Today there is nothing patchwork about the air force. Flyers undergo rigorous training. Selected from high school volunteers, cadets must solo in jet trainers within a year. Standards are high, and so are failure rates. In one class only one trainee got his wings. Cadets have been lunked ten days before graduation. Major General Ezer Weizmann, who devised the training system, says: "I would accept 25% fewer graduates as long as they were all top class." At flight schools, little time is spent on instrument flying because the Israelis figure that they can usually count



COMMANDER HOD

More esprit than spit-and-polish.

on clear skies. Tactics, aerobatics and sharpshooting are stressed, with deadly results. Israel's Mirages consistently outmaneuver faster MIGs. In 1967, two pilots knocked out 16 parked Tupolev bombers in Egypt with only eight passes. In combat, Israeli pilots get in close with old-style 30-mm. cannon, preferring them to modern, long-range missiles.

There is considerable *esprit* but little spit-and-polish. Technicians call officers by their first names. Israeli flyers rarely bother to salute one another—or anyone else. Says a squadron commander: "You can teach any idiot to salute, but that doesn't make a good pilot or mechanic." The average age of pilots is 24, as compared with about 30 in the U.S. Air Force. Most live on base with their families, keep fit with volley ball, shun liquor, and often sleep in hammocks beside their planes. They fly an average of 24 hours a month, v. twelve to 16 in most other air forces. Reservists can fly as many hours as they wish, and often keep as sharp as the regulars. One reservist shot down a Syrian MIG-21 last month and was back driving a kibbutz tractor the next day.

The planes are kept in superb condition. Eighty to 90% are ready at all times. During the Six-Day War, ground crews turned their jets around in an unprecedented average of less than eight minutes, enabling many pilots to make two sorties per hour. Captured Egyptian plans called for their planes to make a sortie every three hours.

Delayed Decision. If the Israeli pilots are deficient in any department, it is humility. They are openly contemptuous of the Arab air forces. From one base, TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin reported this interview with several cocky flyers:

Q. What do Egyptian air force pilots do wrong?

A. They take off.

Q. The Arabs fly the MIG-21, one of the fastest fighters in the world. Doesn't that give them an advantage?

A. Yes—in getting away.

The commander of the air force is General Mordechai Hod, 43, a jet combat veteran who took over in 1966 in time to perfect bombing plans for the Six-Day War. In a rare interview last week he predicted: "The outcome of the next war in the air will be the same as the last, although it may take a little longer and the price may be a little higher." The U.S. State Department believes that the Israelis retain overwhelming air superiority despite the Arabs' having more than twice as many planes. Thus, though Washington is committed to delivering 50 Phantoms to Israel this fall, it is likely to delay any decision on Jerusalem's recent request to buy 25 additional Phantoms and 80 Skyhawks. If the Arab air forces improve—and they have no place to go but up—the Israelis are likely to become more insistent in seeking additional planes. They are also likely to consider preventive strikes against Arab air bases.

INDONESIA

"An Act Free of Choice"

Indonesia, once a bastion of noisy self-righteous anti-colonialism, last week formally took over a remote, primitive piece of real estate that can hardly be considered anything but a colony. By means of a blatantly rigged referendum, the Indonesians annexed West Irian, the western half of the rugged South Pacific island of New Guinea.

Why anyone would want the impoverished, California-size region nearly defies understanding. Indeed, the government of Indonesia's President Suharto, who commanded the forces ordered to "liberate" West Irian from Dutch control in 1962, long ago lost any real enthusiasm for the remote and unrewarding territory. But Indonesia's sense of

pigs, sweet potatoes, tobacco, sugar cane, ginger and bananas.

In 1962, after a brief comic-opera war launched by Indonesia's former President Sukarno. The Netherlands reluctantly handed over West Irian to a United Nations caretaker administration. The arrangement, negotiated by veteran U.S. Diplomat Ellsworth Bunker, promised the Papuans "an act of free choice" within seven years on whether to reject or retain Indonesian control. The formula was designed to save Western face, but the "free choice" has proved lamentably free of choice.

Unanimous Vote. The mechanics of the annexation vote were left to the Indonesians. They immediately rejected the one man, one vote formula, largely because the few thousand literate Papuans of the coastal settlements, who had



PAPUANS WAITING TO GREET GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS
Geography is independence.

Manifest Destiny was involved. For decades, Indonesians have always rallied to the cry "From Sabang to Merauke!"—from the westernmost island of the 3,000-island archipelago to the easternmost hamlet in West Irian. Said Frans Kaisiepo, the governor of West Irian, "It has become a religious conviction."

One, Two, Many. It will require more than mere conviction to govern the area. The 800,000 Papuan tribesmen of West Irian may be the world's simplest people. They live near-naked in Stone Age savagery in high, roadless valleys surrounded by nameless, unmapped tropical forests. In some of their 150 dialects, counting goes no further than "one, two, many . . ." Their weapons are stone axes, 16-ft. spears and poisoned arrows. Cannibalism, headhunting and tribal warfare are common.

Mourners offer amputated fingers as funeral gifts. Favorite adornment includes bird-of-paradise feathers, skulls on strings, and gourds to cover the genitals. The Papuans are also skilled craftsmen in wood and industrious raisers of

prospered under the Dutch, were obviously hostile. Instead, the Indonesians imported their village tradition of *musjawarah*, meaning roughly consultations leading to consensus. For this purpose, they chose 1,025 "people's representatives," who allegedly spoke for all Papuans. The Indonesian army warned that it would not be gentle with dissidents. "Many of us didn't agree to Indonesian control, but we were afraid," one of the delegates told TIME Correspondent David Greenway, who visited West Irian last week. Others were wooed with gifts of salt, tobacco, cloth, beer, outboard motors and junkets to Djakarta. Between intimidation and persuasion, the Indonesians managed to win a unanimous vote in favor of annexation.

For the handful of Dutch-educated Papuans in the towns, becoming the brown man's burden is likely to prove less rewarding than being the white man's burden ever was. But few Papuans outside the coastal settlements will be much affected by Indonesian rule. Their geography is their independence.



The Back-To-School shirt.

Rats. It's that time of year again. Surf's down, school's in, and the painful sound of books being cracked is heard throughout the land. But look at the bright side

There are parties to go to, and games to be won, and what better way to dress for them than the Back-To-School shirt.

Smooth chambray denim, with a whole campus-load of colors to

choose from. Wear it with its color-coordinated tie and matching handkerchief at the Homecoming dance. Sanforized-Plus-2 and DECTON Perma-Iron, so it never needs ironing. Leave that to the

Home Ec majors, right?

The Back-To-School shirt. Mad-ison collar, button cuffs. Strictly upper class.

-Arrow-

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^{colorful}
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the [^]white shirt company.

Why have we let time and "progress" steal the charm of our old towns?

Why are our great buildings, our past, disappearing? ("How will we know it's us without our past?" — John Steinbeck)

Why are there still utility poles parading along miles and miles of

our city streets?

Why does it take us forever to drive a few blocks at rush hour?

Why are most store signs badly designed or in need of paint? And why must they hang over the sidewalk?

Why is our beautiful country growing uglier every year?



why?

Why not team-plan (city officials, women's groups, architects and merchants working together) to renew our older neighborhoods?

Why not save and restore our historic buildings—and our identity?

Why not get wires underground and out of the way, rather than lacing them through the air?

Why not more controlled traffic lights and one-way streets?

Why not ask local artists to design signs and help coordinate building colors?

Why not an America for our children's children more beautiful than it is today?

Why not, America?

AIA/American Institute of Architects



why not?

The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever hear
one hundred Pipers.
So goes the legend.

Seagram captured this
legend in a bottle and
called it 100 Pipers.
Which tells you
something about the
taste of our Scotch.



Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.
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Every drop bottled in Scotland at 80 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

PEOPLE

"I hit him five or six times in the stomach. Then I hit him in the head, and when he came off the wall I hit him again. He was out before he hit the ground." Mike Hammer? Not quite. That was Manager **Billy Martin** talking about a fraternal misunderstanding among his Minnesota Twins, baseball's bad boys who have recently been trying to reform (*TIME*, Aug. 15). Martin, no stranger to donnybrooks during his playing days as a New York Yankee, explained it this way: the boys were sitting around a bar in Detroit hoisting a convivial glass when Dave Boswell, a talented but emotionally erratic pitcher, learned that a coach had reported him for cheating on an exercise drill. Boswell stormed out threatening to get "that squealer." Whereupon the team peacemaker, Outfielder Bob Allison, went outside to calm the raging Boswell. Martin emerged a few moments later and found that Boswell had flattened Allison and kicked him. Then the unfortunate pitcher came at Martin. "I did open my mouth a little loud to my manager," said Boswell after doctors reportedly took 20 stitches in his face.

She will be back in front of the cameras after 26 years, and the part is made to order. As Agent Letisha Van Allen, **Mae West** sets up shop on a huge bed to interview handsome young men—prospective victims for voracious, trans-sexual Myra Breckinridge. There was no press conference fanfare over 20th Century's latest casting coup ("Mae likes the press, all right," explained a studio flack, "but individually, one by one");



MAE WEST
Perfect part.



BILLY MARTIN
Fraternal misunderstanding.

the word was simply passed that Miss West would share top billing with Raquel Welch (Myra) and get a minimum of \$350,000 for her role. Still a perfectionist at 76, Mae claims that she will write all her own dialogue.

It stood to reason that a 195-lb. amateur wrestler would have little chance against a 280-lb. bruiser with twelve years in the pro wrestling game. But that was not how the script read when Dr. Sam Sheppard made his debut against Wild Bill Scholl in a charity match in Waverly, Ohio. Seven minutes into the match Dr. Sam coolly jammed two fingers into Wild Bill's mouth and expertly pressed the mandibular nerve, which lies in the tender area under the tongue. Scholl instantly went limp with agony. Fall and match to Sheppard. "Only new thing I've seen in wrestling in 15 years," said Sam's jubilant manager. Groaned Scholl: "It's not only horribly painful—it's unfair. Your mouth and jaw are paralyzed so you can't bite his fingers off."

At one point, an outraged swordfish attacked the underwater craft; another time, a monstrous 30-foot jellyfish with four-inch-thick tentacles loomed alongside. Those were only two of the incidents that famed Swiss Explorer Jacques Piccard and his crew of scientists had to report when their 50-foot submarine *Ben Franklin* surfaced off Nova Scotia after a 31-day, 1,650-mile drift up the Atlantic coast in the Gulf Stream. Piccard and his five companions spoke of massive undersea waves caused by the swirling of the Gulf Stream's powerful current around uncharted "hills" on the ocean floor. Their 140-ton craft was helplessly tossed about in the rush of water and actually shoved 28 miles west—out of the stream. They were nearly as surprised by what seemed

to be huge coral formations at an unprecedented depth of 1,700 feet—indicating that the coastline around Charleston, S.C., once lay 70 miles farther out in the Atlantic.

The theme at the Second International Conference of Social Psychiatry in London was "The Sick Society," and double Nobel Prizewinner (Chemistry and Peace) Linus Pauling offered a novel cure for mankind's various ills. The world would be a better place, he said, if among other things, people could just get enough vitamin C. An optimal intake of the vitamin could mean a 10% improvement in physical and mental health. "What would be the consequences for the world," Pauling asked, "if the national leaders and the people as a whole were to think just 10% more clearly?"

"Since my English is not that good, I wasn't sure if I'd be playing a hippie or a Hopi. But I see it doesn't make any difference." Decked out as a Hopi Indian in headband, feathers and bear-claw necklace, Jean-Paul Belmondo probably created more of a spectacle in Tucson than he would have in Greenwich Village. In the film, *Again, a Love Story*, with Oscar-winning Director Claude Lelouch (*A Man and a Woman*), the Hopi bit is just a brief diversion in the adventures of Belmondo and Annie Girardot, who meet and mate as two French tourists motoring across America. "I chose Girardot and Belmondo," said Lelouch, "because they are not really made for each other. If there is love between these two people, it is because they are in a foreign country. In France, nothing would have happened."



JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO
Natural confusion.

ENVIRONMENT



SNOWY EGRETS TAKING WING IN EVERGLADES PARK

CONSERVATION

Jets v. Everglades

A national park is an outdoor gallery of nature's wonders, complexities and harmonies. But unlike a museum, a park is not independent of its surroundings. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the Florida Everglades National Park, an aquatic wilderness of 1.4 million acres and one of America's last refuges of solitude. Precisely because it is linked to intricate webs of life around it, the park may now be doomed by the rising water needs of Florida's farms and cities, plus the construction of a mammoth jetport a few miles away. The result has made the Everglades a battleground between conservationists and developers—and a testing ground for U.S. environmental policies.

America's only subtropical national park is a multitude of habitats—inland pine sloughs, vast saw grass savannahs, hardwood hammocks and coastal mangroves with myriad islands and canals. It is a refuge of 22 endangered species, including the bald eagle, osprey, snowy egret, Florida panther and alligator. Each year, more than a million visitors peer from trails and catwalks at the antics of exotic herons, bitterns and roseate spoonbills. They are mystified by the anhinga, a prehistoric bird that must spread and dry its wings after diving for fish, or drown from lack of natural, body-oil protection. On rare occasions, they glimpse the manatee—a huge sea cow that sailors once imagined to be a mermaid.

The fate of the Everglades is absolutely dependent on water. Each year, 153.5 billion gallons flow through the swamps as a strange kind of river, less than a foot deep and up to 50 miles wide. Changes in the water's quality, quantity and seasonal rhythms endanger the park's incredibly diverse plants and

wildlife. And yet, for the past two decades, nearby flood-control projects have steadily dehydrated the glades by diverting water to crop land, commercial and industrial use. The Everglades, explains Park Superintendent Jack Raftery, "is a demonstration that no natural region can be divorced from its surroundings."

Since 1949, the Army Corps of Engineers has created 1,400 miles of canals in the Everglades area. The canals regularly divert billions of gallons of water into the Atlantic after irrigating crops just northeast of the park in Dade and Broward Counties. No reasonable conservationist would sacrifice those crops. But the Interior Department claims that during recent droughts, the water balance was needlessly struck in favor of agriculture, while thousands of fish, birds and animals died in the park. After long bureaucratic squabbling, the Army Corps of Engineers has agreed in principle to supply the Everglades with sufficient water, regardless of other future demands. But the agreement has not yet been carried out.

Crippling Blow. As if dehydration were not enough, the park ecosystem is now threatened by plans for an airport six miles from its northern border. Conservationists fear the effects of jet noise, exhaust fallout, fuel and oil spills. They also shudder at the prospect of helicopter development around the airport resulting in pollution from sewage, insecticides and fertilizer runoff.

The plan of the Dade County Port Authority does indeed loom as the crippling blow. Paying private landowners an average price of only \$180 an acre, the Port Authority last year quietly began to acquire 39 square miles on the edge of Big Cypress Swamp, which supplies 38% of the park's water. As originally stated, the purpose was to build a "training" jetport for five airlines, whose landing fees will finance a \$10

million bond issue for the first runway, which Eastern Air Lines will open next month. Able to handle the new super jets due in 1970, the field will divert up to 200,000 training flights a year from congested Miami International Airport.

Superintendent Raftery thinks that the park can accommodate a training field, but not a commercial airport and a projected community of 1,000,000 people. By now, though, Dade County envisages more runways soon and by 1980, the nation's biggest commercial airport, covering more land than the entire city of Miami. Equally enthusiastic, the U.S. Transportation Department has granted \$700,000 to develop the first runway, and to look into high-speed ground transportation, such as a monorail train and air-cushion vehicles running between the jetport and Miami.

The Port Authority has proposed a 750-ft.-wide corridor from Miami to Naples, and highway planners are "dotting in" roads that would further upset the park's water cycle. When completed, the jetport itself would displace some 200 Mikasuki Indians, who were guaranteed a small area in which to continue their tribal ways and colorful rituals. Superintendent Raftery and an Interior lawyer also contend that a clause in the Transportation Act required a study of alternatives as well as proposals to prevent or minimize environmental damages. Raftery argues that Transportation ignored the clause. Instead, he says, the agency encouraged a project that may well cause "unalterable and irreparable damage."

To repair its image, the Dade County Port Authority recently hired former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall and his new environmental-consulting firm, Overview Group, to study the impact of an airport and seek alternatives. Udall says that he refused to take the job until the Port Authority promised to

freeze jetport construction after the first runway, and showed itself sincerely open-minded on optional sites for a commercial terminal. "We are not going to justify a decision already made," said Udall. "We're hoping to establish planning parameters for the entire southern Florida environment." But Port Director Alan C. Stewart, an affable former flight controller, seems as closed-minded as ever. His job is "fostering aviation, not festering it." Aviation employs 70,000 people around Miami; the new airport would eventually create 60,000 new jobs and three times that in related employment. "I'm more interested in people than alligators," says Stewart. "This is the ideal place as far as aviation is concerned."

Basic Policy. Some officials feel that the jetport may violate the Federal Airport Act, which allows federal grants only to airports used by the public. The training jetport, at least, is no such thing. In addition, the soon-to-be-released results of a joint study by Interior and Transportation officials will show that ecological damage from an airport would be devastating. Senator Henry Jackson, Chairman of the Senate Interior Committee, will also soon release a report on the Everglades. He will recommend that Congress pass new legislation toward a national land-use policy, refusing federal grants to states that do not develop their own zoning and development guidelines to protect the environment. Jackson also feels that buffer zones should be considered to protect national parks.

Alternate airport sites are being studied on state property in Broward County to the north and Homestead Air Force Base to the southeast. But any solution will involve complicated trade-offs. Furthermore, the division between federal agencies now appears so deep that final action will have to be taken by President Nixon. The Everglades decision may well set his Administration's basic policy toward environmental abuses. As Senator Gaylord Nelson, the Wisconsin Democrat, wrote in a recent letter to the White House: "It is a test of whether or not we are really committed in this country to protecting our environment."

RIVERS

Song of the Open Sewer

For some Americans, ecology is a new passion and even a demi-religion. Others could not care less. Last week the others seemed to be in the majority along the noble, noxious Hudson River as Folk Singer Pete Seeger started an anti-pollution voyage from New York to Albany aboard the sloop *Clearwater*, a 96-ft. reproduction of the ships that plied the once clean river in the early 19th century. At stops along the way, Seeger hoped to dramatize the river's pollution as evidenced by the sewage and debris that slapped the *Clearwater's* hull. But the crowds were smaller than expected; at a concert in Nyack, the ap-

plause was merely polite as Seeger and a chorus bravely sang:

*Sailing down my dirty stream
Still I love it and I'll keep the dream
That some day, though maybe not
this year,
My Hudson River will once again
run clear.
Down the valley one million toilet
chains
Find my Hudson so convenient place
to drain.
And each little city says, "Who me?
Do you think that sewage plants come
free?"*

People were more interested in the television crew filming the concert, and a group of black militants talked more about a civil rights concert than Seeger



FOLK SINGER SEEGER (LEFT)
Message from the *Clearwater*.

had once been forbidden to sing in Nyack than they did about pollution.

Soon rain drove the crowds from the park, and the singers retired to the sloop. Seeger complained that there was too much publicity about him and not enough about the *Clearwater* and its message. He had hoped that citizens of Nyack and other towns along the Hudson would be horrified by the mess their river was in. Instead, they seemed to accept it. Meanwhile, the mighty Hudson swallowed more sewage as it rolled on its smelly way to the sea.

ECOLOGY

The Young Eco-Activists

In a recent interview, former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall suggested that "young people may start picketing polluters and campaigning against ugliness." His prophecy has already come true. A new type of student activist is taking aim at the environment as well as the establishment. Though war and racism are still targets, pragmatic protesters are now fir-

ing at smog, waste and mindless developers.

The new eco-activists include groups as straight-arrow as the Girl Scouts, who last week campaigned for clean air in places ranging from Hartford, Conn., to smog-threatened Fairfax, Va. Among other young eco-activists are the Ashland (Wis.) High School juniors who recently demonstrated in support of Duluth's Pollution Enforcement Conference. Alarmed at the growing damage to Lake Superior's ecology, they plan to confront dumpers of industrial wastes that are slowly polluting the only Great Lake that can still be called clean.

Two years ago, a somewhat older group at the California Institute of Technology struck a blow for "relevant" education by organizing a useful research project geared to smog-ridden Los Angeles. Among their achievements to date is a car-pool plan for factory workers that helps to cut down auto exhaust fumes, the chief ingredient of smog. They have also discovered that the cost of smog damage to the average Los Angeles householder is closer to \$125 a year than to the \$65 estimated by local officials.

Thirty Years to Go. At George Washington University, a group of law students recently confronted this classroom assignment: "Determine what legal actions might be brought by a local citizens' committee to stop air pollution caused by city buses." The students were only too familiar with the clouds of black smoke and particles emitted by D.C. Transit System buses, and when the assignment was finished, eight of them put their lessons to work by founding GASP (Greater Washington Alliance to Stop Pollution). Students at Western Washington State College are engaged in a long-range study aimed at keeping healthy lakes from being poisoned by increasing population, radioactive fallout and disturbances of currents, temperature and oxygen content. At Georgia Tech, 14 student architects have developed an award-winning design for urban amenities in the poverty area of a small Southern city. At M.I.T., students of chemical engineering are working on air-pollution abatement to "clean up the image of our profession"—and the air it so freely pollutes.

Even the War Resisters League and the Workshop in Nonviolence have joined the cause by devoting the August issue of their magazine, *WIN*, to ecological manifestos. One reason for youthful concern with environmental damage is simple: the young will have to live with it. "If these problems are not resolved in ten years," frets David Sachs, 24, president of the Stanford University Conservation Group, "we will wipe ourselves out in 30 years." Not quite—but Sachs has a point. Says Biologist Barry Commoner, chairman of the St. Louis Committee for Environmental Information: "We don't really know what the long-term effects of various types of environmental deterioration will be, and the kids are the guinea pigs."

THE PRESS

The Front Page Revisited

WITH their 1928 play *The Front Page*, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur set the stereotype of the fast-talking, hard-bitten, wisecracking newspaper reporter that seems destined to endure forever. The play was made twice into movies,* was revived this season on Broadway and has been taped for presentation on TV next season. As a police-beat cub reporter ten years ago, TIME Associate Editor Ray Kennedy worked for the City News Bureau of Chicago and the Chicago *Sun-Times* when the brassy style of Windy City journalism was still very much in vogue. This sum-

malizing story broke and he was stopped from switching headlines. "What do you mean, there's a war in Yemen?" he roared. "They just stole \$25,000 worth of jewels from Ann Sheridan!"

Before then, Harry would have had his headline—war or Armageddon notwithstanding. In Romy's heyday, foreign affairs meant DIPLOMAT FOUND IN LOVE NEST! In recent years, however, Chicago newspapers have expanded their serious coverage of national and international news; now they tend to bury all but the most sensational crime stories in the back pages or, more often,

could have passed for Act I, Scene 1 of *The Front Page*. As in the play, the focus of activity was a raucous poker game among reporters, policemen, bail bondsmen and ambulance-chasing lawyers. Somehow, in the din of police calls crackling over squawk boxes and the clanging of the fire alarm, a reporter would hear a call of a homicide and shout out the address. Whichever newsman had failed to fill his lush would then check the "crisscross," a directory listing telephone numbers by address.

"Hello," the reporter would say sternly. "This is Lieutenant Murphy from the Detective Bureau. We have a report of a shooting at this address. Is it true? . . . Is he dead? . . . Four times in the head, huh? . . . Who shot him? . . . You did? . . . Now get hold of your-



"FRONT PAGE" IN BROADWAY REVIVAL



DETECTIVE BUREAU PRESS ROOM TODAY

No more supermen in soiled collars.

mer, Kennedy returned to the scene of his crime-reporting days and found some changes. His account:

Newspaper eras, like political eras, depend on the men who make them. And Harry Romanoff, 73, who retired in June as an editor of Chicago's *American* after more than 40 years, was quite a man. His reporters tell, for instance, the time in 1966 when Richard Speck was accused of murdering eight nurses (missing only Corazon Amurao, a Filipina). Romy assumed an accent and began phoning around town as the Philippine consul. For a follow-up story, Romy decided to dig up details of the accused man's marriage and troubled early life. He got the phone number of Speck's mother, called and identified himself as Speck's attorney. Speck's sister began talking, and Romy got his story. He once observed: "They said I constantly posed for somebody else. It's not my fault if they misunderstand." As Harry tells it, his time was actually up years ago, when a tan-

der wastebasket. "Police-beat news," explains one *Daily News* rewrite man, "is what runs on a dull day."

Murdered Mistresses. A dull day! The very thought would make Hecht and MacArthur spin in their rollopt desks. Their "supermen with soiled collars" were a callous, cynical lot, born of an era when circulation wars raged and when a condemned man was not simply hanged but, as one daily bannered, *JERKED TO JESUS*. Armed with phony search warrants, police badges and wiretapping devices, reporters got the story one way or the other—usually the other. They climbed through windows to steal the diaries of murdered mistresses, kidnaped suspects to get exclusive interviews, and planted clues to sustain a sordid rape story for another day.

It was all distilled in the City News Bureau, a cooperative founded in 1890 by the Chicago dailies. The training ground for most of the city's police reporters, City News still bills itself as "the world's greatest journalism school," and one of its classrooms is the press room at the police department's Detective Bureau. As recently as ten years ago, this room

self, dear. Why did you do it? . . . Messin' with another woman, huh? . . . Did you catch 'em in bed or something? . . . Were they naked? . . . What did your boy friend do for a livin'? . . . A laborer, huh? O.K., the squad car will be right there. Goodbye."

The reporter would then return to the game and mutter "Cheap." Translation: No story, because the motive was routine and the victim was a nobody. There were other supposed nobodies. When checking on, say, "a floater d.o.a. at County" (a drowning victim pronounced dead on arrival at Cook County Hospital), the first question was, "Black or white?" If the dead man happened to be Negro, the reporter would "cheap it out." As for impersonating public officials, it was accepted practice. More than one reporter telephoned the scene of a crime and barked, "Hello, this is Coroner Toman," only to be told, "That's tummy, so is this."

When not at the poker table, reporters settled into saloons and, over endless drinks and with endless embellishments, swapped anecdotes. Though less frequently and less suddenly, this still goes on at such press hangouts as Riccardo's


* One of them, renamed *His Girl Friday*, starred Rosalind Russell as the ace reporter.



THEN NELL GWYN WHITEHEAD-KINSWOMAN OF SCHWEPES COMMANDER-TRIED AN ORANGE BIT WITH PEEL....
FROM HER BITTER ORANGE DRINK.







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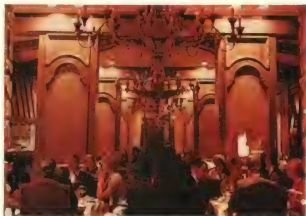
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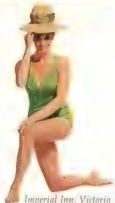
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and Billy Goat's, a short-order joint with a "Wall of Fame" displaying photographs of Chicago newsmen, some of which bear the inscription "30"—for end of story.

For many young newsmen, the passing of the old guard is not cause for fond goodbyes but bitter good riddances. They represented, says one young *Tribune* staffer, the "tired old practice of letting the status quo define what the news is." Mindful that their young reporters reflect the tastes of the growing number of young readers, editors are letting their younger charges have their head—within limits. Explains Emmett Dedmon, editorial director of Field Enterprises, which owns the *Daily News* and the *Sun-Times*: "This is the era of the young, socially aware reporter. We allow them more freedom today in assigning themselves, but too often they want to treat the newspaper as a pulpit. We want their personal insights rather than their personal preaching."

The distinctions are crucial. Chicago is still the nation's most competitive newspaper town. After decades of blood-and-thunder headlines, the scramble today, says *Tribune* Editor Clayton Kirkpatrick, is "to become more relevant to our times." Romanoff's flamboyant *American* has even changed its name to a more underplayed *Chicago Today*. The *Sun-Times*' method was to appoint Yale Graduate Jim Hoge, 33, as its editor. "Our ideal," says Hoge, "is to give all the people a hearing for their point of view. We are selling the *Sun-Times* as a paper that is changing." Adds Dedmon: "Because of the changes, you can read any of the four papers today and be reasonably well-informed. That wasn't true ten years ago."

The change shows at the Detective Bureau press room. The *Sun-Times*' Walter Spirko and the *Tribune*'s Johnny Paster, among the last of the 30-year veterans, are still there. Otherwise, except for the "City News kid," the place is virtually deserted during the late-night dog watch. "Everything's changed," says Paster. "Ever since the riots at the convention, the cops are very leary about talking to us. I've put in for early retirement next year. Things aren't like they used to be." "Yeah," says Spirko. "We used to cabaret around with the coppers, play handball with them and everything. Hell, when I was working on the Dillinger case, I drove the goddam car on a raid of one of his hideouts, packed a .38 and everything. Those were the sweet days." And he deals out a hand of solitaire.

FEUDS

Wasted Talent

From their polar positions, Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley Jr. see themselves as witty, wily intellectuals magnificently equipped to interpret (respectively) the left and right of U.S. life. Except when they confront each other directly, the notion is not entirely absurd. But when they fence on television

or in type, bitchiness erodes their polish and learned discourse dissolves into tantrums.

Millions saw this happen when ABC-TV engaged the two to comment daily on the national political conventions in 1968. A heated argument over the clash of cops and demonstrators in Chicago inspired Vidal to call Buckley a "pro-crypt-Nazi" and Buckley to reply: "Now listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypt-Nazi or I'll sock you in your goddam face." The blowup led Buckley to sue Vidal for \$500,000 in libel damages and Vidal to countersue for \$4,500,000. *Esquire*, entirely aware of the entertainment value of the squabble, then allowed the contestants to fight on in its pages. Buckley opened fire in the August issue; Vidal replied in the Sep-



BUCKLEY

Bitchiness erodes the polish, discourse dissolves into tantrums.

tember issue, out last week. Not since George Sanders divorced Zsa Zsa Gabor has so much talent been wasted on such a nasty spat.

Money's Worth. Vidal claimed that he had deliberately enticed Buckley into the TV eruption as a public service. "Looking and sounding not unlike Hitler, but without the charm," Vidal wrote, "he began to shriek insults in order to head me off, and succeeded, for by then my mission was accomplished: Buckley had revealed himself. I had enticed the cuckoo to sing its song, and the melody lingers on."

Buckley concedes that he was agitated—but properly so. "My pulse was racing and my fingers trembled as wave after wave of indignation swept over me. And then suddenly Vidal was whispering to me. 'Well,' he said, smiling. 'I guess we gave them their money's worth tonight!'" As for calling Vidal "queer," Buckley apologizes for doing so "in anger," but he still considers Vidal an "evangelist for bisexuality" whose "essays proclaim the normalcy of his af-

fliction and his art the desirability of it." He is "not to be confused with the man who bears his sorrow quietly. The addict is to be pitied and even respected, not the pusher."

Buckley quotes an excerpt from Vidal's novel, *Myra Breckinridge*, describing in detail the "splendor" of the male buttocks, claims that Myra "sees all life as a naming of parts, an equating of groins, a pleasing and/or painful forcing of orifices—the essence of pornography." He also charges that the book "attempts heuristic allegory but fails, giving gratification only to sadist-homosexuals and challenge only to taxonomists of perversion."

Low Blows. Nothing of the sort, says Vidal. "I do not prefer homosexuality to heterosexuality," he writes, "or, for



VIDAL

that matter, heterosexuality to homosexuality. . . . But regardless of tribal taboos, homosexuality is a constant fact of the human condition and it is not a sickness, not a sin, not a crime." Vidal insists that "I am not an evangelist of anything in sexual matters except a decent withdrawal of the state from the bedroom." He calls Buckley one of those "morbid, twisted men" who are always "sniggering and giggling and speculating on the sexual lives of others."

Vidal says he did not mean to link Buckley to "Hitler's foreign and domestic ventures." But he insists that Buckley's views "are very much those of the founders of the Third Reich who regarded blacks as inferiors, undeclared war as legitimate foreign policy and the Jews as sympathetic to international Communism."

For low blows, distortion and invective, Vidal is the clear-cut winner in the *Esquire* phase of the Buckley-Vidal vendetta. In fact, Buckley last week widened his sights and filed a new \$1,000,000 libel suit, this one against *Esquire*.

EDUCATION

LANGUAGE

A Defense of Elegance

It is easy to say that English is an ageless language ever renewed by fresh words and concepts. But lately it has been polluted by creeping neologisms and solecisms, many of them spawned by military jargon, television clichés and youth-cult dialects. Should lexicographers rubber-stamp the linguistic junk or rear back and proclaim standards?

The American Heritage Publishing Co. has steered a canny middle course. To preserve an elegance of sorts, it established a new kind of court: a panel of 104 reasonably literate Americans—including writers, scholars, editors and a U.S. Senator—who spent the past four years judging correct word usage for American Heritage's forthcoming

thor Basil Davenport grudgingly approved *advise* in the sense of *notify*. Even so, he ruled, it is permissible only "in business English and Army English, if there is any excuse for the existence of these bastard twins."

The panelists often disagreed. *Not about*, meaning determination not to do something, puzzled Jacques Barzun, one of the panel's most frequent dissenters. He replied: "I could not have understood its intention or force without your explanation." Writer John Bainbridge called it "mushmouth talk." But Columnist William Zinsser insisted that it has "strength and precision; accept it gladly."

The country's increasing ignorance of Latin was reflected in a question to the panel about *media* as a singular term and *medium* as a plural. Taking a

rent standards that were missing from the surprisingly permissive *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* of 1961, William Morris, editor of the American Heritage dictionary, feels that such standards are essential if readers are to have "any indication of the social levels of words." But Morris rejects suggestions that the new dictionary is an "American Fowler." Despite their prescriptive brilliance, he says, the Fowler Brothers (*Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, 1926) could not possibly reflect a true cross section of the literate community of their time. As Morris sees it, "This is what we believe our usage panel has accomplished."

VETERANS

Return to Apathy

Viet Nam veterans are showing markedly less interest in continuing their education than did their World War II and Korean War predecessors. Of the 6.3 million eligible for schooling under the present G.I. Bill, which covers men who served after Jan. 31, 1955, only 1.3 million, or about 20%, are now taking advantage of the benefits. This compares with 50% participation for World War II veterans and 42% after Korea. The apparent apathy of today's G.I.s toward education is stirring concern in Congress and the White House.

Senator Ralph Yarborough has called the situation "a tragedy," and charged that the Veterans Administration is not doing enough to encourage the men to return to school. President Nixon was so upset that he appointed a President's Committee on the Viet Nam Veteran. At their first meeting last month in the White House, members of the committee (which includes the Secretaries of Defense, Labor, Health, Education and Welfare) were particularly concerned about one segment of the 2.7 million veterans who have been discharged in the Viet Nam era. Among the 500,000 vets who are high school dropouts, only about 4% are heading back to class.

Lack of Motivation. One obvious explanation is that the current G.I. Bill's benefits are relatively small. Today's unmarried veteran receives \$130 a month to cover all expenses, including tuition. World War II veterans received tuition, fees and book costs (up to \$500 a school year) plus a \$75 living allowance, which went a lot farther in the '40s. Another reason is that highly paid jobs are plentiful in an overheated economy. Still another is the educational background of the soldier returning from Viet Nam. Because of college-draft deferments, service ranks were filled with less educated youths who now have little motivation to return to school.

The VA points out that the current G.I. Bill has been in operation less than three years; thus it may be too soon to compare it with the two previous programs. But the question remains whether the Bill is as well attuned as it might be to the educational needs of contemporary American so-

me-di-a

fi-nal-ize

host



BAKER



ASIMOV



GOLDMAN

Preference for Cicero over BBDO.

dictionary, which will be published jointly with Houghton Mifflin Co. next month. Polled by mail on lists of questionable words, the panelists reached a rough consensus that will be tabulated in the dictionary text. Whatever the final result, the polling process was a Gallup through contemporary English and its linguistic hurdles.

Bastard Twins. Asked about the use of *host* as a transitive verb, as when John Carson "hosts" the *Tonight Show*, Princeton Historian Eric F. Goldman wrote: "This is TVese and public-relationsese, hardly an improvement over the English language." On the use of *like* as a conjunction, like in the Winston cigarette syndrome, Writer John Kiernan commented: "Such things as these persuade me that the death penalty should be retained." Isaac Asimov, the lucid science writer, also denounced *finalize* as "nothing more than bureaucratic illiteracy—the last resort of the communicatively untalented."

Likewise, New Yorker Music Critic Winthrop Sargeant attacked the suffix *-wise*, as in *taxwise*. He called it "a Madison Avenue locution which should be avoided by every civilized person." Au-

swipe at Madison Avenue, Columnist Russell Baker declared: "In Latin, prefer Cicero to BBDO." Asked to rule on *erratas* as a plural form, Poet Donald Davidson despaired: "To think that we have lived to see the day when such a question can be asked!"

The panelists were not paid; most regarded the job as more fun than work. Their findings were carefully considered by the editors; in more than 600 definitions, the new dictionary includes a usage note that gives a percentage figure on approval-disapproval. For *ain't*, the usage note states in part: "'ain't' is unacceptable in writing other than that which is deliberately colloquial, according to 99% of the panel, and unacceptable in speech to 84%." Happily, the panel was as vigilant against affectation as it was against vulgarity; the note on *ain't* says that one suggested alternative, *aren't I*, is acceptable in writing to only 27% of the panel. Drama Critic Louis Kronenberger's comment was typical of the group at large: "A genteelism, and much worse than 'ain't' I."

Despite their relative flexibility, the panelists produced the kind of clear, cur-

ciety. Beyond more attractive financial aid to veterans, a more realistic G.I. Bill would spur interest in higher education while men are still in the service, and emphasize skill training to meet the economy's present needs.

One promising effort to overcome G.I. indifference to higher education is an experiment by the City University of New York in cooperation with nearby Fort Dix, N.J. Counselors picked 22 men for survey courses in English and math to prepare them for college entry in the fall. The experiment is limited, but all of those in the Fort Dix project are either now in college or expected to enroll this September.

UNIVERSITIES

Columbia's Missing President

Doesn't anyone want to be president of Columbia University? The job has been wide open ever since Grayson Kirk resigned after the convulsive student uprising 14 months ago. Informal overtures by Columbia's trustees have since been rebuffed by John Gardner, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and Martin Meyerson, president of the State University of New York at Buffalo. Hopes recently rose when the trustees formally offered the post to Alexander Heard, 52, the able chancellor of Vanderbilt University (TIME, Aug. 1). But last week Heard too bowed out. "At this juncture," he wrote in a letter of regret, "I personally will have a better chance at Vanderbilt to make a useful contribution to higher education."

Unfortunately for Columbia, Heard had a point. The man who eventually accepts the job will face excruciating problems on Morningside Heights. While working outlandish hours, he will have to cope with more possible student disorders, plus the angry local residents whose homes impede the university's needed expansion. He will deal with trustees whose unquestioned talents are too often diverted to their own eminent careers. While some Columbia graduate schools have become untouchable fiefdoms, the high quality of some academic departments (sociology, government, philosophy) has declined. In average faculty salaries, Columbia now ranks a mere 25th among U.S. universities. Worst of all, Columbia expects an \$11 million deficit next year. The new president will have to raise that much just to break even, then raise more to pay for higher salaries and capital improvements.

By default, the man who seems likely to face these trials, at least for the coming year, is Acting President Andrew Cordier, 68. Some people at Columbia feel that Cordier, by virtue of his adroit interregnum administration, deserves to be made the new president. But Cordier insists that he wants to return as soon as possible to his regular post as dean of the School of International Affairs. Columbia's search continues.

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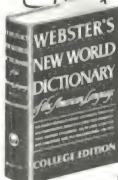
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RELIGION

MORMONS

Bringing In the Ancestors

Twenty miles southeast of Salt Lake City, the buff granite cliffs surrounding Little Cottonwood Canyon are broken by barred, concrete-framed tunnel openings. Behind the bank-vault doors within, protected by a temperature that remains almost constant near 57°F., and a humidity that hovers between 40% and 50%, is the world's largest collection of family records: more than 650,000 rolls of microfilm carrying more than 500 million pages of genealogical statistics going back as far as the 14th century. Only the direct hit of a nuclear bomb could endanger them.

Owner of the vaults is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is centered in Salt Lake City. Mormons keep voluminous records and make full use of the vaults because of a little-known but highly important role that genealogy plays in their religion. In Salt Lake City this month the Mormons sponsored the first World Conference on Records, which drew some 8,000 genealogists, archivists and others from 46 countries around the world.

Proxy Baptism. Mormon interest in genealogy stems from the religion's status as a recent or "latter-day" faith. Christ's Gospel, in Mormon belief, was lost in ancient times through man's wickedness and was not restored until Joseph Smith received his golden plates from the Angel Moroni in upstate New York in 1823. But the acceptance of the "restored Gospel," and baptism in the True Church that proclaimed it, was considered necessary to earn the highest reward after the resurrection, the "celestial kingdom." Some way, then, had to be found to bring into that kingdom those ancestors who had lived while the Gospel was unavailable, or who otherwise had not received the Mormon message while on earth.

Mormons found the solution in St.

Paul's *First Epistle to the Corinthians* 15:29, where the apostle asks, "Otherwise, what do people mean by being baptized on behalf of the dead? If the dead are not raised at all, why are people baptized on their behalf?" Many Biblical scholars think that Paul was merely mentioning a practice of some early Christians to illustrate the Christian belief in resurrection, but the Mormons took the passage as a mandate. As a result, Mormons today not only baptize, marry, and "seal for time and eternity" living family members to one another, but perform these and other ordinances for dead family members who did not undergo them while they lived. Any male church member may be a stand-in for a male ancestor, any female church member for a female ancestor—and "ancestors" need not even be directly related. But first the ancestors must be found, and each church member is charged with tracing his own antecedents, collecting their names and putting them in temple records.

This philosophy led the Mormon Church in 1894 to establish its own Genealogical Society. The society has a large library (90,000 volumes on open stacks, 250 microfilm reading machines) open to the public in Salt Lake City, plus the microfilm operation at Little Cottonwood Canyon. It employs 550 people, spends \$5,000,000 a year and is filming old records in 17 countries, producing 400,000 ft of microfilm every month. During this month's conference on records, Utah Republican Senator Wallace F. Bennett, himself a Mormon, proposed that the collection become the nucleus of a worldwide "records bank" where the vital statistics of all nations might be microfilmed and stored.

Despite the interest of the non-Mormons at the conference (some 40% of the 8,000 attending), the Mormon concern with genealogy and record keeping is still resolutely religious. Indeed, some Mormons are so eager to give everyone a

chance for the celestial kingdom that they troop regularly to their nearest temple to perform the ordinances for random names of those on the temple records who are not yet sealed into the church—much the way pious Catholics pray for "forgotten" souls in purgatory.

The mighty are also watched after. The Mormons have been careful to perform the ordinances for all dead U.S. Presidents. They also claim to have sealed into the church the entire royal houses of Great Britain, France, Germany—and quite possibly, because the Italian records are also thorough, even a few Popes. This does not mean that William the Conqueror and Charlemagne are necessarily Mormons; the dead are still free to accept or reject the Gospel in their spiritual state, though earthly ordinances may have been completed for them.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Bishops in Trouble

In St. Paul, Minn., the reaction was almost as if another leader had been shot. "I haven't felt like this," sobbed one Catholic housewife there, "since Jack Kennedy was killed." No one, as a matter of fact, had died, but one of Roman Catholicism's most articulate and progressive shepherds in the U.S. had been abruptly estranged from his flock. The Most Rev. James P. Shannon, who had resigned as auxiliary bishop of the Archdiocese of St. Paul-Minneapolis earlier this year (TIME, June 6), last week announced that he had married. The wedding took place on Aug. 2. Shannon revealed, in the First Christian Church in Endicott, N.Y., before a Disciples of Christ minister, Shannon's bride, the former Ruth C. Wilkinson, 50, had had three previous husbands. Two of the marriages ended in annulment, the third in divorce—though the partner of that union later died.

Shannon might have asked to leave



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the active priesthood and marry, but such permission is granted slowly, if at all. Without it, under Roman Catholic canon law, the marriage automatically excommunicates Shannon, though there was no formal condemnation.* Said Shannon: "The fact that we have acted contrary to this particular law does not by any means indicate that we do not respect the church, its canon law, or its need for norms in the liturgy and the life of the people." Indeed, Shannon said, he had written to Pope Paul VI to assure him that "I will try by my life style, with my wife, who shares my deep Christian views, to pray and work for the renewal of the church." Perhaps, he suggested, he might even find a place in the church eventually, if it "permits a married clergy within our lifetime."

Staunch friends and followers were among the most deeply hurt by Shan-



BISHOP JAMES SHANNON

An articulate and progressive shepherd abruptly estranged.

non's decision. Father John Reedy, editor of the Catholic weekly *Ave Maria*, voices the fears of many in the magazine's Aug. 23 issue. "Morale sinks lower," Reedy writes. The marriage is a "cloud of distraction" that may now encourage conservatives to "tune out all that Bishop Shannon was saying because 'all the time, he just wanted to get married.'" Underground churches, says Reedy, will be tempted anew to disregard church discipline, however much Shannon himself may protest—as he still does—that he disapproves of such tactics.

The church's embarrassment continued to grow over the troubles of Munich's Bishop Matthias Defregger. Last

* Shannon was the first American bishop whose marriage became public, but another American bishop, the Vatican confirmed last week, quietly left in 1954 to marry. His identity is still secret.

month, he was implicated in the World War II execution of 17 hostages in Italy, where he served as a German army captain (TIME, July 18). Apparently wanting to wash its hands of the affair, the Vatican denied that it had knowledge of Defregger's wartime past when it made him bishop last year. The Vatican daily *L'Osservatore Romano* reported that only Defregger's "immediate superiors"—led by Munich's Julius Cardinal Döpfner, one of the main liberal architects of Vatican II—knew of the incident, and they did not inform the Holy See of it.

Although Pope Paul VI was known to be studying the Defregger dossier, *L'Osservatore's* editorial—the Vatican's first official comment on the case—scrupulously avoided taking a stand that would prejudice an official investigation currently going on in Italy concerning



MRS. SHANNON

Defregger's role in the massacre at Filletto di Camardo. (The Italian *carabinieri* have issued a warrant for Defregger's arrest if he crosses the border, with the deferential provision that he not be handcuffed if he is taken.) "The basic problem," the paper said, "is whether [Defregger] is today, spiritually and morally, a 'new man.'" The editorial somewhat ambiguously cited "elements of interior forum" that must be considered—which some Vatican insiders interpreted as strong encouragement for the bishop to examine his conscience and then resign his post in the interest of the church. Perhaps the worst aspects of the Defregger imbroglio are its repercussions in the religious life of Germany. For the first time in years, the German Evangelical (Lutheran) Church has broken a carefully maintained harmony with the Catholic hierarchy to criticize Catholic handling of the case, and the prestige of Cardinal Döpfner has been damaged.

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BEHAVIOR

HABITS

The Cigarette Diet

Beep, tucked into a smoker's pocket or handbag, the small "Bellboy" paging device sounds. The smoker immediately stops whatever he is doing and lights up, interrupting his meal or stepping from his shower. A Pavlovian response? Posthypnotic suggestion? No. The smoker is so anxious to give up cigarettes that he is strictly following one of the newest and most unusual of the proliferating antismoking regimens.

To make the cure as painless as possible, the paging device initially beeps as often during the day as the smoker normally lights up, but in a random pattern. The patient agrees to smoke whenever it sounds. Secure in the knowledge that he can always look forward to hearing another beep, the smoker can control himself between signals. But soon the friendly beeper—triggered by radio signals sent out by the telephone company—lets him down, slowly decreasing his consumption by four cigarettes each week. The decrease is so gradual that withdrawal symptoms are minimal.

Substitute Signals. The automated weed-killer technique was developed by Psychologist David Shapiro and Psychophysiolgist Bernard Tursky of Harvard Medical School. It was tried first on 40 people this spring. Not everyone was able to keep down with the heeeps: one participant had a relapse after his wife, unaware that he had left his Bellboy in the car, drove off on a shopping trip. But of the original 40, including a telephone man who set up the heebers, 34 stuck it out until the system had cut them down to as few as four cigarettes a day. Some have even quit smoking altogether.

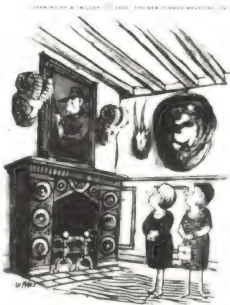
Shapiro says that the system works on the theory that smoking is a simple habit set off by "cues"—tension, ending a meal or performing a task. To break the habit, he explains, "we put people on a diet and provide them with a substitute for the old signal. The old associations have to be broken down."

The researchers plan to keep tabs on the participants to answer such questions as whether their beep technique can improve on the rather extravagant 75% to 80% "cure" rates claimed by promoters of other experimental methods. In any case, Tursky and Shapiro are confident that their technique has value, and hope to set up a program soon for dispensing the treatment more widely. Even if smokers have to use their beeper permanently, it should cost them substantially less than cigarettes.

MARRIAGE

Footloose, But Not Fancy-Free

Running away, in American folklore, has always been considered more romantic than reprehensible. Each year an estimated 100,000 middle-aged, middle-income Americans men flee the seemingly unbearable pressures of their jobs and families to seek a different life far from home. But for many of them, the heady wine of freedom soon goes flat. What then? After a few weeks, according to the Tracers Company of America, a New York firm that specializes in finding missing people, these runaways begin to act quite predictably.



"ONE DAY, LAST OCTOBER, HE SAID, 'I MUST GO WHERE THE WILD GOOSE GOES, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE

By sending up naive signal flags, they consciously or subconsciously ask to be found.

The fugitive mails a birthday card to his child, for example. It bears no address, but does have a postmark. Or he calls a friend from a pay phone to ask about the family; his approximate distance from home can be determined when the operator says, for instance, "Deposit \$1.65 please." Those geographical leads are often enough for Tracers, says Vice President Edward Goldfarb, because the runaways seldom alter the familiar pattern of their lives when they take up residence in a new city. They do not change their names, often because they fear their inability to respond naturally if someone calls out to them; they usually end up with jobs similar to the ones they left. Often they can be found merely by checking the records of the firms that clear new applications for company group insurance and pension plans.

Frequently, the fugitives are even more obvious, knowing that their credit card bills will be mailed to their offices or homes, they start hinting their whereabouts by charging things, even insignificant items such as the 50¢ breakfast that one fugitive bought with his credit card. For a minimum fee of \$500, Tracers turns over the new addresses of some 800 such runaway husbands to their wives each year—and finds that with only a little prodding, 90% of the husbands come home.

These men are not the low-income deserv-ers who seek a "poor man's di-vo-orce," says Sociologist Lenore Weir- man, a graduate student at Columbia University who is currently complet- ing a study of missing people. Nor are they the determined "social suicides"—most of them also middle-class fam- ily men—who succeed in obliterating enough of their past to start fresh and evade detection. Instead, she says, they are like the people who attempt suicide but do not really want to die. Possessed by the feeling that they are trapped, they flee in an inchoate at- tempt to call attention to their prob- lem. Running, at least for these men, "is a cry for help."

POPULATION

The Explosive Desire for Children

The overwhelming consensus among politicians, economists and demographers is that the population explosion should be checked by making birth-control devices and counseling more widely available, particularly to poor people. Nonsense, says a scientist writing in the British journal, *New Society*. According to Peter J. Smith, a lecturer in geophysics at the University of Liverpool, the problem—at least in the U.S.—is not lack of birth control but excessive desire for children.

Citing Gallup polls going back to 1923, Smith says that the median number of children considered ideal by non-Catholic American women has always been more than two. Well-educated, middle- and upper-class women usually want fewer children than poor women. But "on the average, all parents desire more children than the number required to maintain the population equilibrium." Birth control devices are already widely available to all but a tiny fraction of U.S. citizens, Smith declares, but really effective population control cannot be achieved until there is a change in society's attitude toward procreation. As things now stand, social and institutional pressures tend to stigmatize the childless couple—not to mention the single person—as "abnormal." Smith concedes that such an attitude had its use in the past: it "evolved over millennia to ensure high enough fertility to overcome high mortality." Now, however, medical progress has made that notion obsolete. Smith proposes that the reform start with the elimination of tax advantages for big families.

THE LAW

JUDGES

A Highly Visible Chief

The white-haired gentleman greeting convention delegates in Dallas last week acted like a political candidate. Warren Burger, 61, joked with lawyers from all over the U.S.; he signed autographs, beamed for photographers and made five speeches in four days. One morning at a prayer breakfast, the new Chief Justice of the U.S. was moved by the singing of a Baptist youth choir. "How could anyone really worry about the young people of America," said Burger, "after witnessing what we have this morning?"

Members of the American Bar Association were flattered by Burger's interest. Earl Warren had boycotted A.B.A. conventions for ten of his last years as Chief Justice because of the intemperate criticism that some bar leaders had leveled at his court. Only last year, after announcing his retirement, did Warren appear.

Burger was plainly out to build some good will for the Supreme Court among the 135,000 members of an organization that one lawyer described as "middle-aged, middle class and middle of the road." As the Chief himself confided, he hoped to show that judges need not divorce themselves from their profession—and indeed from the world—in order to preserve their objectivity. "The fact that judges cannot solve a problem by judicial decision," he said, "is not a reason for judges to remain silent, or to be passive spectators of life around us."

Accordingly, Burger came armed with a few ideas for reforms both in and out of the courtroom. His proposals:

► Law schools ought to devote far more time to giving their students practical experience in how to deal with "raw facts and real-life problems." Burger contends that law schools are producing graduates who are "well-trained to write a fine appellate brief but not trained to recognize concealed usury in the sale of a television set on installments." Rare is the graduate, he argues, "who knows how to ask questions—simple, single questions, one at a time, in order to develop facts in evidence either in interviewing a witness or examining him in a courtroom." As an example of a favorable trend, Burger praised the growing number of schools that permit their students to spend time on legal-aid and public-defender programs.

► The nation's courts should begin at once to develop a corps of trained administrators to manage the litigation machinery "so that judges can get on with what they are presumed to be qualified to do—namely, disposing of cases." Pointing to congested court dockets, Burger called for a conference within 60 days of ten or twelve of "the best-informed people in this country" to plan a program to train the large numbers of managers that are needed. He sug-

gests that no lawyers or judges, or very few of them, be asked to participate, since "we lawyers and judges have not demonstrated great imagination or skill in this area."

► The A.B.A. should initiate a "comprehensive and profound examination" of the penal system, which would cover everything from prison conditions to parole and probation. Claiming that U.S. law offers the accused the world's most comprehensive system of trials, retrials, appeals and post-conviction reviews, Burger said: "If I were sure—and I am not sure either way—that all this was good for the accused in the large and long-range sense that it helps him, I



BURGER AT CONVENTION
How to build a fire.

would be enthusiastically in favor of all of it." Among the rehabilitation techniques that the Chief Justice believes should be thoroughly studied by the A.B.A. are work-release programs for prisoners and teaching methods "adapted to the abnormal psychology of the habitual offender."

Convention observers noted that while Burger's proposals were of professional interest, they were suitably noncontroversial for a new Chief Justice. Burger saved his views on more prickly issues, such as the rights of criminal defendants, for the decisions he will take part in as a member of the court. Still, one man who was particularly impressed with Burger's performance at the convention was former Justice Tom Clark. "In my 22 years of attending these conventions," said Clark, "I've never seen anyone who has so quickly and effectively built a fire under this group as Burger." Within his own profession at least, the new Chief Justice clearly does not plan to be a defender of the status quo.

DECISIONS

Women May Not Be Coddled

In their campaign for equal rights over the years, women have also won equal responsibilities. Three recent court decisions point out a few of their obligations:

► While employed as an office manager for a Colorado company that services oil wells, James Stryker embezzled more than \$280,000 from the firm. His wife knew nothing about the crime until Stryker committed suicide ten days after the company accused him of the theft. Even so, the U.S. Tax Court has just ordered Mrs. Stryker, who has since remarried, to pay more than \$80,000 in back taxes on the embezzled funds. Stryker had not reported any of the income on the couple's joint tax returns. But under the Internal Revenue Code, declared the court, a woman who files a joint return "stands in the shoes of her husband" and is therefore liable for any taxes owed by him. "While we sympathize with the petitioner's plight and we recognize the harshness of the result," said the court, "the inflexible statute leaves no room for relief."

► Helen Gayle Moore of Montebello, Calif., had custody of her three children, while her ex-husband contributed to their support. But Jack Moore not only gained custody by agreement with the mother in 1967; he later convinced a court that he was entitled to financial aid. Moore's paper-products company had just gone out of business. Moreover, although his older daughter had married, the younger one needed money for college. Shouldn't his ex-wife, who nets \$380 a month from her department-store job, help support the two children remaining in his care? Indeed she should, ruled a judge, who ordered her to pay Moore \$80 a month for the children. Though such decrees are rare, a number of states now recognize the principle that a woman must pay, in similar circumstances, when the child's welfare requires it.

► During a medical-malpractice suit in a Kentucky federal district court last year, Judge Henry Brooks refused to seat any women on the jury. His motive was pure chivalry. The plaintiff, a state convict named Ernest Abbott, was suing two prison doctors for failing to detect a cancer in its early stages. At the time, he suffered from advanced cancer of the penis and groin, and Judge Brooks wanted to spare women the details of medical testimony that might be "distasteful." Abbott lost his suit, and later died. Now the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinnati has ruled that the administrator of his estate is entitled to another trial. A judge may excuse a specific woman juror on the ground that testimony will upset her, said the court. But he violates the 14th Amendment if he sweepingly excludes, on his own initiative, any "well-defined community groups, women in particular." Concluded the court: "It is common knowledge that society no longer coddles women

from the very real and sometimes brutal facts of life. Women, moreover, do not seek such oblivion. They not only have the right to vote but also the right to serve on juries."

DAMAGE SUITS

Something More than Sympathy

For stealing a cheap knife and some cookies from a supermarket in 1965, a young Mississippi Negro named Arthur Roberts was sentenced to 90 days. The sentence was harsh enough, but it led to even more severe consequences.

Though Arthur, the son of a Baptist preacher, was only 15, he was thrown in with adult convicts at the Leflore County prison farm. There a Negro "trustee" named Columbus Williams, who was serving time for assault and battery with intent to kill, was entrusted with a 12-gauge shotgun to guard other prisoners. One day Williams led a chain gang into the countryside to repair a bridge. During a lunch break, he ordered a prisoner to fetch him a rag to clean his shoes. The man refused, and Williams turned to Arthur, who also refused. "It's my lunch time," he said. With that, Williams fired his shotgun from a distance of not more than 20 feet. The pellets tore into Arthur's face, skull and body, leaving him blind in both eyes and partly paralyzed on one side.

Moral Sense. As a Negro convict in Mississippi, Arthur could look forward to little more than sympathy, and not much of that. But the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, composed mostly of young attorneys from the North, brought a damage suit in the U.S. District Court in Greenwood. They did not bother to serve a summons on Williams, who by then was out of prison and living in Chicago. Instead, they served ten white officials, including Leflore County Sheriff John Arterbury, superintendent of the prison farm at the time of the shooting.

Arterbury pointed out that it was common in the South for prison wardens to economize by assigning prisoners to guard other inmates; he claimed that the shooting was an accident. But Arthur's lawyers argued that Williams' record made him unfit to be trusted with firearms. Since the defense did not ask for a jury, the decision was up to Federal Judge William Keady. Late last month Keady ordered Arterbury to pay \$85,000 in damages to Arthur. "The moral sense of all reasonable men," said the judge, "would be shocked by the punishment visited upon the plaintiff, yet a minor, as a direct result of inattentive and careless prison administration."

The Lawyers' Committee found no other case in which a Negro was awarded damages from a white law officer in Mississippi. "It's not going to bring back my sight," said Arthur, who now hopes to go into the grocery business, "but it will help." In any case, he may have to wait some time to collect, since Arterbury plans an appeal.

BASEBALL

The Departure of Big D

When towering Don Drysdale took the mound, National League batsmen made certain they stayed good and loose at the plate. "I've never thrown deliberately at a batter's head in my life," the 6-ft., 6-in. pitcher once said. What he unquestionably did do was snap off blazing sidearm fastballs and dancing curves with bullwhip fury. In the process, he set a lifetime league record for most hit batsmen (154). This year, the overpowering ace of the Los Angeles Dodger staff proved he had as much guts as the batters who had faced him



DRYSDALE ON THE MOUND
Only four isn't enough.

during the past 13 seasons. He pitched game after game despite an injury deep in his shoulder socket that robbed his arm of its power and left him in agony after every throw. He spent five weeks on the disabled list and completed only one game in twelve starts. But he kept coming back to give it another try. Said Coach Jim Gilliam: "He is as great a competitor as I've ever seen. He is a pitcher who never quits."

Last week Drysdale, 33, finally did call it quits. At a crowded and emotion-charged news conference in Los Angeles, he gravely announced: "I deeply regret having to retire, but as they say, there are some things that are inevitable—like death, taxes and retirement from professional sports. The elasticity is gone from my arm, and I haven't been able to throw a good fast ball all year. I couldn't stand to be a four-inning pitcher, and that's just about all I'm good for now." Appearing with Drysdale, Manager Walt Alston wept unashamedly. "I'm sure I owe as much to Dry-

sdale," he said, "as I owe any individual on the Dodgers over the years."

Alston may have been overwrought by the drama of the moment, but his statement was coldly accurate. The last of the old Brooklyn Dodgers on the Los Angeles staff, Drysdale became one of the most formidable pitchers in baseball history. He teamed with the brilliant left-hander, Sandy Koufax, to lead the traditionally weak-hitting Dodgers to five National League pennants. Although he often pitched in Koufax's shadow, he was the workhorse of the Dodger staff; from 1962 to 1965 he hurled more than 300 innings a season. He holds the club record for most games won (209), most strikeouts (2,486) and most shutouts (49). He shares with Koufax and St. Louis Cardinal Bob Gibson a league record for registering 200 or more strikeouts during each of six seasons. He won the Cy Young Award as the outstanding pitcher in the majors in 1962, when he posted a 25-9 record. Drysdale appeared in eight All-Star games and was the winning pitcher in 1967 and 1968. Last season he broke Walter Johnson's 55-year-old record by pitching 58 scoreless innings, a string that included six shutouts.

Greasy Kid Stuff. Drysdale's reputation was built on more than statistics. His penchant for throwing "dusters" prompted Atlanta Braves Slugger Hank Aaron to label him a "mean" pitcher, and San Francisco Manager Herman Franks hinted last year that Drysdale had more on the ball than honest sweat. That led to Drysdale's "greasy kid stuff" commercial,* which still regularly appears on television. His boyish visage and brash charm also won him spots on *The Rifleman* and the *Donna Reed Show*, and he once sang with Milton Berle in a Las Vegas nightclub. He also owns a rich stable of race horses, two of which he keeps on his Hidden Hills ranch in the San Fernando Valley. That enterprise helped make him one of the richest ballplayers in the game. In fact, by 1966 he was in so comfortable a financial position that he and Koufax were able to hold out for an unprecedented dual contract for \$1,000,000 over three years (Drysdale eventually settled for a one-year, \$115,000 contract of his own).

There are a few who suspect that Drysdale can be lured out of retirement for the 1970 season. Dr. Robert Woods, the Dodger physician, noted that the big pitcher's injury "could heal in several months." Teammate Maury Wills, who quit earlier this year and then returned shortly thereafter, insists that "I know Don is not finished. I think he

* The rival manager accuses Drysdale of brushing his pitching hand over his hair to pick up grease that aids him in throwing spitballs. Drysdale angrily stalks into the clubhouse and emerges triumphantly holding his hair tonic, a well-known, nongreasy brand.

will be anxious to show up at spring training next year and see if he can come back." Not a chance, says Drysdale. "I'm going to miss it," he says. "Quitting has left me with an empty feeling. But this is final. I'm through."

NEW EQUIPMENT

Bathtubs on Wheels

For the thrill-seeking car driver whose appetite for concrete and asphalt has become jaded, modern technology provides a variety of alternatives. First came the dune buggy, which can bounce merrily across rolling beaches. Then the snowmobile made its appearance, giving drivers breathtaking access to wintry fields and drifts. Now the all-terrain vehicle is here—a snug, rugged buggy that re-

sembles a bathtub on wheels and can jounce, swim or crawl over just about any obstacle that nature has to offer.

Last week there was an unmistakable sign that the versatile new conveyance has really arrived: the first major race exclusively for all-terrain vehicles was held in New Hampshire's normally non-negotiable Ossipee Mountains. Staged by the National All-Terrain Vehicle Association, the event was run over a treacherous 17-mile course. The first ten miles consisted of logging trails thickly overgrown with branches and undercut with creeks, rockslides and oozing beds of mud. After that, every last trace of trail was obliterated. The drivers were forced to slash their way down a seemingly impenetrable slope of mountain. As much as anything, the race was designed to test the vehicle's mettle. Said Dick Advey, director of Action Age Inc.: "Americans are so performance-conscious that it would be impossible to have any kind of vehicle in this country and not have it raced. That is what snowmobiles had to do,

and these new vehicles can do so much more than racing is a natural showcase." Given the impossible conditions, the new jalopies performed admirably. Of 17 vehicles entered, 14 managed to bulldoze across the finish line. The individual trophy went to Dexter Shultz, an American Airlines flight engineer who clumped over a log barricade to finish first in his ATV Manufacturing Co. Attex model in 36 min. flat (last-place time was 1 hr. 22 min.). Shultz averaged nearly 30 m.p.h. over unspeakable terrain. He came from behind to whip Advey, who drove one of his company's 8-h.p. Scramblers.

But the moral victor was Larry Malo, general manager of Marine Gear Division, who limped home in sixth place on five (out of six) flat tires. If nothing



SHULTZ ON THE COURSE
So who needs a highway?

else, his steadfast performance demonstrated the indestructibility of the new machines. Conceived as hybrids of the dune buggy, the snowmobile and the military amphibious carrier, the all-terrain vehicles are 7 ft. long, weigh between 400 lbs. and 500 lbs. and cost about \$1,500. At least twelve companies are now manufacturing models that run on 7-h.p. to 20-h.p. engines for up to five hours without refueling. They can cruise as fast as 35 m.p.h. on the open road, traverse ice, sand, mud and rocks at 15 m.p.h., and make better than three knots in water. Their fiber-glass bodies can absorb excruciating punishment, and their oversize (11-in. by 20-in.) tires, inflated to only 2 lbs. per sq. in. of pressure, can withstand virtually any shock.

Enthusiastic boosters of the all-terrain vehicle whimsically suggest that it could even be the answer to the nation's jammed highways. When traffic slows to a stop, the driver need merely turn his wheel, move off the road and convert his grueling commuter ride into an exciting cross-country trip.

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MUSIC

OPERA

The Devils and Reardon

"I hope nobody hates music critics," muttered one nervous music critic last week in Santa Fe, N. Mex. "If they dropped a bomb on this place, they'd wipe out every last one of us."

The critics had grounds for apprehension—but on quite another score. They were gathered for the American premiere of Krzysztof Penderecki's *The Devils of Loudun* by the Santa Fe Opera, a troupe known for its firm (and rare) conviction that contemporary opera deserves a place right alongside the old favorites. *The Devils* is a highly unorthodox piece of music. At earlier performances this summer in Hamburg and Stuttgart, it had been greeted with as many pans as praises (TIME, July 4). Santa Fe once more was showing its devil-may-care spirit in risking, along with the tried-and-true, the tried-and-boored.

As it turned out, no one need have worried. *The Devils* was cheered at Santa Fe. There was even help from an unexpected source: precisely at the moment when one of Penderecki's characters shouted "God is dead!" there came a clap of thunder and a storm enveloped the theater. The audience was as impressed by the opera as by the incident. But despite its effectiveness, *The Devils* seemed episodic, eclectic, and the complex Penderecki (pronounced Pen-der-ets-key) score sometimes trod meekly behind the drama instead of forcefully alongside it. What gave absolutely no grounds for complaint were the performances of Baritone John Reardon and Mezzo-Soprano Joy Davidson. As a sensual priest who is burned at the stake, Reardon in particular gave the production just the sort of personal force it needs.

Once again, the Santa Fe troupe had justified its experimental philosophy. Like many a small opera company, it has neither the money to engage stars nor the patience to put up with their antics. Instead, it has nourished a number of talented beginners who have grown up to be stars in their own highly specialized orbits. John Reardon is one of them. In many ways, moreover, he typifies the new qualities necessary to survive in opera today. He is good-looking. He acts superbly. He will sing nearly anything that lies within his vocal range. He is also willing to learn the most complicated role in—by old-fashioned standards—nothing flat. This summer at Santa Fe, he is doing two American premieres (*The Devils* and Gian Carlo Menotti's *Help! Help! The Globolinks*) as well as Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* and Puccini's *Tosca*.

Famous prima donnas are apt to regard a bout with contemporary opera as roughly equivalent to a gargle with sulphuric acid. Modern composers, sing-



REARDON IN SANTA FE

Justification for the philosophy.

ers say, don't know how to write. They ruin voices by demanding odd and unusual sounds. Though this attitude is widespread, there is evidence that it is less a matter of fact than fashion. Birgit Nilsson, though she sings no contemporary opera at all, points out that composers are usually ahead of performers. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, she observes, was abandoned as unperformable, "yet nowadays no dramatic soprano can be considered accomplished if she is incapable of singing an *Isolde*." Beverly Sills, who sang many modern roles before going on to fame in Italian bel canto operas, endorses Nilsson's and Reardon's sensible attitudes. "Contemporary opera kills your voice," she says flatly, "only if your voice is sick to begin with."

Chirps and Grunts. Reardon's voice, at any rate, shows no sign of decay, even though his repertoire comprises 90 roles, 30 of them contemporary and 18 of them recent premieres. In some ways, this versatility is as much a triumph of brain as of voice. "When word gets around that you can read something other than a C-major scale," he says, "people seem to pigeonhole you. I enjoy it, though. I'd go out of my mind if I sang nothing but *Tosca* and *Traviata*." Reardon pragmatically divides compositions into only two categories: music and nonmusic. "Some things I won't do," he says. "I once heard Martina Arroyo do a work called *Momento* by a composer I have forgotten.* She was called upon to make all kinds of sounds, including bird chirps and grunts. Now that I would refuse. You're not singing anything, so why not just get someone who can make noises?"

Composers, directors and conductors

from Santa Fe to New York are consistent Reardon admirers—which is fairly remarkable for a Manhattan-born boy who started out to be a bank president. After studying business administration in college for three days, Reardon switched to music, "because those kids were much more fun. I tried to be a pianist," he recalls, "but my hands sweat when I'm nervous, and when your hands sweat as a pianist, forget it. It's like Niagara Falls." He also experimented with composition, but was swiftly urged by his teacher to take up singing instead.

Reardon's good looks and versatile voice might well have doomed him to a career as a Broadway leading man. Beginning in 1952, he moved between Broadway, summer stock and grand opera with bewildering frequency. At one point, he alternated between the New York City Opera and Broadway (including, at various times, *New Faces of '56* and *Do Re Mi*) before finally joining the Metropolitan Opera in 1965 as a principal artist. Now 39, he finds his voice deepening and growing bigger. Two years ago he began to work with former Met Soprano Margaret Harshaw, focusing and darkening his voice.

"I live with my pitchpipe," Reardon admits. "It's the only way to get those intervals into your head and your voice. I get to the point where I can see a page in my mind through the whole performance. If the orchestra or another singer goes off pitch and I try to sing a note, nine times out of ten the muscles automatically go to the right place." Having well-disciplined vocal muscles may be useful for technique and performance. But high standards have more or less ruined live music for Reardon as a listener. "I don't go to the opera or concerts much," he says "because I'm usually revolted by what goes on on the stage. Actually, I sort of dislike opera."

COMPETITIONS

Accordion to Taste

The accordion is a peculiar instrument. It is cumbersome. It has a low-brow reputation. It can be used as winter quarters by mice. It has a lamentable tendency to lure performers into horrific displays of digital dexterity. It is also matchless at invoking with artful umphs the special nostalgia that clings to Lili Marlene's *Kaserne* and the pastis-tinctured cafés of Edith Piaf's Paris.

This cozy quality, alas, has never done the stomach-Steinway much good with serious classical musicians. Its tone, they say, is too wheezily domineering for accompaniment and too monotonous for anything else.

Such a view naturally enrages serious accordion players who, in the 140 years or so since the accordion was invented, have pursued their craft with a pure if lonely devotion.

In the U.S., they have been fighting

back, since 1938 at least, through the American Accordionists' Association. Its aim: to improve the reputation of the accordion as a concert instrument, mainly by encouraging composers to write for it. There is also a worldwide organization with somewhat downbeat initials (C.I.A.—for Confederation of International Accordionists), which last week brought accordionists from 15 countries to Manhattan's Hunter College assembly hall to play for the title of world champion.

Much of what went on at the competition was like the history of the accordion itself—inconclusive and tinged with melancholy. But the serious contestants vindicated the proceedings with disciplined and evocative efforts on behalf of composers ranging from Bach to Hans Brehme. The winner was a Russian, Valeri Petrov. His two runners-up: Fellow Countryman Anatole Senin, who alternately coaxed from his instrument both the organlike richness and wintry delicacy necessary for Bach's organ *Concerto in A-Minor*, and American Pam Barker, who survived the technical terrors of Khatchaturian's *Piano Concerto* with impressive calm.

Their victory may improve the lot of the two Russians in the U.S.S.R., where the accordion is taken somewhat more seriously. But for Pam Barker, the achievement will bring nothing like the concert opportunities that a similar success could guarantee if she played the cello or the violin. "I once played with the Kansas City Philharmonic," she recalls. "Afterward the concertmaster wouldn't even shake hands with me." Anthony Ettore, a co-chairman of the contest, glumly agreed. "These kids come along with immense virtuosity and musicianship. But all anyone wants them to play is *Dark Eyes*."



RUSSIA'S VALERI PETROV
Something better than Dark Eyes.

* Karlheinz Stockhausen.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Dynamite

In cinema, truth depends on juxtaposition. A single moment is true or false, strong or weak, according to what has preceded it and what is to follow. *Medium Cool* proves the point. It places a fictional plot within an authentic framework by focusing on the moral agonies of a television cameraman during last summer's Chicago Convention. So strongly does it challenge the usual commercial film techniques and themes that Hollywood, ever wary both of stylistic innovation and contemporary politics, may never recover. Socially and cinematically, *Medium Cool* is dynamite.

Writer-Director Haskell Wexler, an Oscar winner who has built a reputation for himself as one of Hollywood's best cinematographers (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *The Loved One*), scraped together \$600,000 for this low-budget portrait of a country in conflict with itself. He chose Chicago, with its thousands of pent-up blacks and displaced Appalachian whites, as a symbolic seat of the conflict and began shooting last summer in a loose, almost documentary fashion—just as the convention confrontation was reaching a peak of frenzy. The uncomplicated plot turns on the developing love affair between a TV cameraman (Robert Forster) and an Appalachian widow (Verna Bloom), but gains meaning and resonance from the documentary footage surrounding it. The results of this apparently free-form exercise may puzzle some moviegoers and its political sympathies will outrage many more. But the basis of *Medium Cool* is more than solid enough to support as impassioned and impressive a film as any released so far this year.

Whenever a situation threatens to involve the TV cameraman, be it an auto accident, an angry group of black militants, or the lingering hopelessness of ghetto life, he retreats behind the shopworn shield of journalistic objectivity, insisting that his only concern is to get the story. The progress of his love affair with the widow parallels the gradual weakening of his own prejudices and defenses, until both are finally trapped in the ultimate cataclysm of the convention's madness.

Mechanics of Illusion. Throughout *Medium Cool*, Wexler makes his presence known behind the camera. In what must stand as one of the most gripping sequences in modern film making, the Illinois National Guard fire tear gas at a group of terrified youngsters while one of Wexler's assistants is heard to scream off-camera: "Watch out, Haskell, it's real!" Still, Wexler's dramatic attempts to reconcile personal and public crises lead him occasionally to overload his film. The romance never quite has the passion and urgency that it should, and the novice director's infatuation with Jean-Luc Godard deceives him into a gratuitous existential denouement (straight out of *Contempt*) in which the lovers hear about their involvement in a fatal car crash before it actually occurs. Wexler's sympathies are admittedly with the brutalized young, and he sets out to show the police as almost total villains. In that, he had plenty of help from the cops themselves. But it might have made for less propaganda and better art if he had not prevented the conflict as totally one-sided, if he had shown in more detail, for instance, how some of the demonstrators deliberately goaded and provoked the police.

Wexler is at his best portraying the cameraman as both observer and instigator. His Brechtian fascination with the mechanics of illusion culminates in a shot of himself behind his camera, turning and focusing on the audience. He is also better than any first-time director has a right to be with actors. Out of a cast of unknowns and little-knowns, he has extracted the kind of forcefully realistic performances that Kazan might envy. Robert Forster is all crude nervous energy and Verna Bloom, looking like the kind of bucolic beauty city boys dream about, is simultaneously more deeply talented and unaffectedly sexy than any new actress in recent memory. A young nonprofessional named Harold Blankenship makes an extraordinary debut as the widow's 13-year-old son, and Peter Bonerz, playing a



WEXLER DIRECTING

"Watch out, Haskell, it's real!"

timid soundman, turns in the sort of performance that can win a man a supporting Oscar.

Because of all its strengths and despite several pronounced weaknesses, *Medium Cool* marks the extraordinary debut of a 47-year-old director and signals perhaps a new boldness in American cinema.

At one time or another, Haskell Wexler's passion for independence has taken him around every point of the professional compass—and occasionally a couple of thousand feet off the ground. His mother still shudders when she recalls sitting on the lawn of her suburban-Chicago home and watching her 17-year-old son come flying over in a single-engine Ercoupe. Bolex camera pressed tightly to his eye as he dangled by his legs out the cabin door.

Wexler, who likes to do things the hard way, has spent the better part of his 15-year career tilting with unions, censors and moneybags. "I shot my first feature film, *Stakeout on Dope Street*, under a fake name because I didn't have a union card. When the union guys came around I would hide under the scenery." He finally brazened his way into the cameraman's local by accusing them of discrimination because of an imaginary black grandfather. "I stick my nose in everywhere," he admits with a kind of offhand bravado. "Take *In the Heat of the Night*, which had a mediocre script, a fake sociological script. Well, I reworked that a little. I made Poitier's character less of a one-dimensional Mr. Negro. Mike Nichols wanted me to shoot *The Graduate* for him, but I refused. I thought the whole thing was irrelevant."

Never Sit Down. His first chance for complete creative control came last year, when Paramount asked him to work on a novel about a lonely kid in New York called *The Concrete Wilderness*. "They already had a considerable investment in it and nowhere to go," he recalls. "I told them nothing interested me about the original, but they told me



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Do it now—while you can still do something about it. Nobody will do it for you.

to go ahead and write whatever I wanted. So I sat down to do a little something about what's happening in this country today. I wanted to sort of make everything turn on the Chicago convention, because I had the feeling it was going to be very bad." It was bad enough, in fact, to get Wexler tear-gassed during shooting and his leading lady busted during the riot, but that was only the beginning of *Medium Cool's* problems.

Although it has been completed for five months, *Cool* has been held from release by a variety of intra- and extramural crises. Trade rumor has it that Mayor Daley's office is displeased with the film. It is known that one member of the board of Gulf and Western, the conglomerate that owns Paramount, threatened to resign if the film were ever released. Jack Valenti and his Motion Picture Association shock troops registered considerable displeasure over some of the obscenities in the dialogue. "I wrote them and said I'd be glad to fix it up," Wexler reports. "Only I said every time someone said a 'dirty' word I would substitute the word kill. That way we'd have things like 'Kill you!' and 'Put me down, you killer!' I haven't heard any complaints from them since."

Wexler insists that he will continue to work against the usual commercial grain, using a small crew to give him greater flexibility of movement and lower budgets. "On most Hollywood movies," he complains, "there are guys on a set to shove chairs under you. But that's how I'll keep my independence—I'll never sit down!" Keeping him on his feet (which are rather improbably shod in red and white Swiss-made track shoes) will be a new project about a couple of young college film makers who get an idea to make "the ultimate film about dying; really dying." The title is *A Really Great Movie*—and it might be just that.

Pourquoi?

She moves so easily, with such knowing grace; she walks in metric beauty, through her mellowing lover's elegant world—through it and beyond, at last, to younger, stronger, more passionate arms. But then she goes back to the other guy.

Ah well, that's Catherine Deneuve for you. At least that's the Deneuve of late, for while *La Chamade* is based on a Françoise Sagan novel, it somewhat resembles *Belle de Jour* and, to a lesser extent, *The April Fools*. But it lacks the surrealistic pathology of *Belle* and the slick American romance of *Fools*. Its milieu, instead, is the typical Sagan domain of croquet on Parisian lawns and seaside Scrabble on the Côte d'Azur, of cliquishness and banal cleverness ("I'm wearing black because it's so gay"), of highly polished and muted passions.

That domain, which is also the habitat of her lover Charles (Michel Piccoli), begins to bore Lucile, and so she

starts spending her afternoons with handsome, earnest young Antoine (Roger Van Hool). Before long, he insists that she choose between them. "*Pourquoi?*" pouts Lucile, and the limits of her horizons are drawn a bit more clearly. She knows that Charles will have her back any time she likes, so she moves in with Antoine. Antoine obliges her to take a job; soon, too, she is pregnant. She decides she does not like the realities of this world either, so she quits her job, aborts her child and deserts Antoine.

Chamade is not the story of a shattered romance (Antoine will recover) or of true reunion (Charles may not have Lucile back for long). In fact it is less a story of love than one of selfishness. Lucile is something of a child,



DENEUVE & VAN HOOL
Selfishness in a Sagan domain.

largely ignorant of her own selfishness and of the fact that she is indulging herself. She brings no malice to her liaisons because she is too empty-headed (she prefers *hazy*) to be a *femme fatale*. The really selfish one is Antoine, who tries to make Lucile over to his own specifications: Charles? He has reached an age where resignation and selfishness coincide: he can hope to keep the girl only by letting her be.

To so shallow a role and so bland a story Deneuve brings, of course, her exquisite face and presence—eerily evocative of a warmer Grace Kelly. There is something incongruous about a 9-to-5 Deneuve: she knows it, and plays straight a brief scene where, as *Tired Working Girl*, she soaks her feet in a basin. The day she quits her job she leaps back into bed—fully clothed. These moments lend life to a minor, if remarkably accurate evocation of a certain sort of life. But it gives Deneuve a chance only to mark time until she can slip into something less comfortable.

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"And I am."

BUSINESS

THE MILD REPERCUSSIONS OF A DEFT DEVALUATION

CURRENCY devaluations by major countries were once regarded as cataclysmic events likely to cause global shock waves that would disrupt trade, employment and international investment. Last week, when world money markets reopened after France's surprise 12½% devaluation of the franc, the repercussions proved to be notable for their mildness.

Fourteen African countries that once were French colonies devalued their franc-linked currencies and the Belgian franc came under heavy selling pressure, but the more important world currencies fared reasonably well. As expected, spec-

level—18.004¢—that most moneymen thought was about what the franc really is worth. Contrasting the months of turmoil that followed the 1967 devaluation of the pound with the calm reception of the French devaluation, the *London Times* concluded wistfully that "the differences show clearly the differences in political competence between the two governments."

As French officials well know, devaluation by itself is not enough to restore a country to financial health. By temporarily lowering export prices and raising import prices, a devaluation only gives a country time to overcome the

to come up with a long-range program to contain inflation. Giscard also promised to cut government spending enough to bring the budget into balance next year, following a \$2.5 billion deficit expected for this year. He predicted that price increases caused by devaluation could be confined to 1% this year and 2% in 1970. Whether France achieves that goal will depend chiefly on how strongly it resists the demands of French unions, which want more big wage increases. It was the 15% wage increase won by the unions after the general strike of May 1968 that touched off the inflation that eventually made this month's devaluation necessary.

The Crowbar Pact. Hasty negotiation among France's five partners in the European Common Market last week prevented broader inflationary consequences from the devaluation. The Six agreed to exempt France from the market's system of uniform farm-support prices. The detailed rules of that system have been described as the most complicated ever devised by the mind of man, but its guiding principle is simple: prices in each country are pegged to a standard "unit of account," which is the gold equivalent of a U.S. dollar. Since the unit of account was worth 12.5% more francs after devaluation than before, the system would have operated to push French food prices up 12.5%.

The devaluation caught Common Market headquarters in Brussels with the documents containing the 5,600 detailed rules governing the system crated in packing cases for shipment to a new building. Bureaucrats pried open the cases with crowbars. Then, at an 18-hour session, ministers of the Common Market countries bent FEC rules to let France for the next year support farm prices at the same level as before. A new set of border taxes and subsidies will prevent price changes on French food exports and imports. Such special treatment is a step away from economic integration of the Six, but fears that it will deal a sharp blow to Market unity seem exaggerated. Politically, the Market countries have demonstrated that they can cooperate to help a member in trouble. The "crowbar pact" could even speed an overdue revision of farm-price subsidies, which have caused bulging surpluses of butter, sugar, wheat and other farm products.

Next, the Mark. Altogether, the French devaluation has succeeded well enough so far to prompt some speculation that other governments might be encouraged to make more frequent, but modest changes in the official values of their currencies to bring them into line with reality. An early test of that theory is coming in the German elections of Sept. 28, which are turning into a



COMMON MARKET REPRESENTATIVES AT BRUSSELS MEETING*
Quite the opposite of the disgrace it is usually thought to be.

ulators sold British pounds and bought undervalued German marks, but not in quantities great enough to produce any crisis—not even after Britain at mid-week published figures showing that its chronic trade deficit widened to \$89 million in July from \$60 million in June.

The pound hit a record low of \$2.3813 in London, apparently because the Bank of England felt it safe to support the price at a lower level than the \$2.3825 it usually tries to maintain as a floor. The value of the U.S. dollar dropped against the mark in Frankfurt but held steady elsewhere. The free-market price of gold moved scarcely at all—even though that volatile price is supposed to shoot up on any widespread doubts about the value of paper money.

Even politically, the French move proved to be quite the opposite of the disgrace that devaluation has often been thought to be. The financial world rang with praise of President Georges Pompidou's astuteness in cutting the franc when most of Europe was on vacation, in advance of any crisis, and to a

economic weaknesses that undermined its currency. The benefits of devaluation can easily be wiped out by further inflation. If French price increases continue at their current pace of 6.5% yearly, the gains of franc devaluation will be gone in less than two years. In fact, devaluation itself has a tendency to accelerate inflation, because the automatic increases that it brings in the prices of imported products tend to work their way through an economy. To make a devaluation succeed, a country must clamp down quickly on the consumer demand that pushes up prices, pulls in costly imports and diverts to home consumption some of the production that should go into exports.

Last week French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced an immediate freeze in all retail and most wholesale prices until Sept. 15. By that time, the Pompidou government expects

* From left, The Netherlands' De Koster, West Germany's Schiller, France's Duhamel, Belgium's Boegnet and Giscard d'Estaing, The Netherlands' Witteveen.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



A Little Light in the Window

A concentrated beam of light and a magnifying lens. That's all there is to this medical student's new ophthalmoscope. But once he learns the knack of focusing it deftly on his teammate's retina, he will be amazed at what he sees. For the eye is the doctor's window into the body. Here, the skilled observer can see changes in nerves and blood vessels that are visible at no other place.

By the time he really masters this wonderful little diagnostic tool, and can interpret the significance of what he sees, this medical student will be far along in the ten or

more years of costly, rigorous study and training that prepare him to serve you.

There's a parallel to that in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. For it often takes years of costly experiment and clinical tests to create even one new, more effective medicine to help your doctors of today and tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Making today's medicines with integrity... seeking tomorrow's with persistence.

A-H-ROBINS

How a tire for the front of the car and a tire for the rear of the car help you get more out of your car.

Since your front wheels steer the car, it only stands to reason that tires designed specifically for steering will allow them to function that much better.

What makes our front tire so good for steering?

To begin with, it has nine tread rows as opposed to the five tread rows that most of the tires on the road today have. So you always have an enormous amount of biting edges in contact with the road, which obviously leads to better steering control.

And because the groove between the last two tread rows on either side of the tire is straight, cornering is just about as smooth as it can be.

Now, by the same token, since your rear wheels push the car, tires designed especially for traction will allow them to function that much better.

What makes our rear tire so good for traction?

Well, first of all, it's a wider tire than the front. So right off the bat, you have the benefit of more rubber on the road.

Plus, the combination of the regular tread pattern and the deep-lug tread pattern gives you superb traction on any kind of surface: smooth, dirt, mud, even snow.

By the way, the biting edges on the tread of both tires—front and rear (except for the deep-lug section)—are at ninety-degree angles from side to side. Which results in excellent road bite when you hit the brakes. Even on wet roads.

Also, both tires have steel-reinforced tread—and a belt underneath the tread—for hazard protection. As well as extra mileage.

As we said before, since your front wheels steer, tires designed for steering will help them function better. And since your rear wheels

push, tires designed for traction will help them function better.

Which should add up to your entire car functioning better, shouldn't it?

For the name and address of the Uniroyal dealer nearest you, just call 800-553-9550 free.

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319-242-1867
collect.)



A tire for the front



A tire for the rear



The Uniroyal Masters®

Expendable products are a concept in Uniroyal's "The Road Test" & "Tire Plus"

sort of referendum on whether to increase the value of the mark. The Christian Democrats, dominant partners in the coalition government, argue that the French devaluation removes any need for a German revaluation, because it has diminished the gap between the true value of the franc and the mark. The junior-partner Social Democrats contend that the mark remains undervalued in terms of other currencies. Polls show the Socialists leading, largely because they have convinced many voters that revaluing the mark upward will help to keep German prices steady.

If and when the mark is revalued, the two most important moves toward a needed realignment of European currency ratios will have been accomplished. Even if the mark's value remains pegged at 25¢, France's devaluation has strengthened the much buffeted international monetary system by removing a source of uncertainty. After the chronic crises that began with the British devaluation, nothing so calms the nerves of moneyman as a major devaluation followed by an anticlimax.

THE ECONOMY

Uncompetitive U.S.

The dollar's steadiness in money trading last week was a tribute to its role as the basic currency of the world monetary system rather than to the international strength of the U.S. economy. At week's end, the Treasury disclosed that the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit rose in the second quarter to \$3.8 billion—more than double the dollar outflow of any previous quarter.

The figure was heightened by a book-keeping fluke. Americans have been making large deposits of dollars in Europe, where they have commanded interest rates as high as 12.5%. U.S. banks, pinched for funds, have borrowed many of these dollars to re-lend in the U.S. These "turn-around" dollars count as a capital outflow when deposited in Europe, but do not count as an offsetting inflow when re-loaned in the U.S. Government economists say this distortion may have accounted for \$2 billion of the \$5.5 billion first half payments deficit.

That still leaves a shocking deficit. In the early 1960s, U.S. exports exceeded imports by an average \$5.5 billion yearly. This year imports are exceeding exports—by \$29 billion in the second quarter. With no trade surplus, the U.S. is dependent on inflows of foreign capital to offset its overseas military and tourist spending, and it is no longer getting such inflows. As stock prices declined, foreign purchases of U.S. securities dropped by \$1 billion in the second quarter, to \$300 million.

Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker last week called the deficit "one cost" of inflation, which raises U.S. export prices and sucks in low-priced imports. To control inflation sufficiently to restore a trade surplus, he added, will take "years rather than months."

BANKING

Swinging with Youth

The fun began after First City National Bank, Houston's largest, discovered some disquieting statistics. The average age of its depositors was well over 50, compared with a citywide average of only 27.8 years. Convinced that an aging clientele meant future trouble in attracting deposits, the bank's officers decided to woo young customers with some remarkably unbankerlike services. Accordingly, the bank last spring started a "Young Houstonian Club" for young people who opened checking accounts. Already that organization is demonstrating that banking can shed its stodgy image and remain successful.

Club members, who must be between 21 and 35 years old, are offered a tempt-

at the bank with a \$50 minimum deposit. In return, they receive 30 rainbow-colored free checks a month, a free \$10,000 accidental-death policy and an open line of credit good for up to \$2,000. Most accounts start small but soon grow. Terry Colley, the manager of the club, explains: "After they go to a few of our parties, we begin to get their paychecks."

One of the club's greatest attractions is its members. "There are eligible young bachelors at all of our parties," enthuses Sharon Caudle, 24, an insurance company trainee. "If I can meet all these men for \$3 a month, then I'm getting my money's worth." The feeling is widespread, and a quarter of the club's 2,000 members are single women. Bank officers had expected to enroll 2,200 young Houstonians in the first year,

but that goal has already been reached and 500 new members are signing up each month. More surprising, they maintain an average balance of \$250, and bank officers expect that the club will soon become profitable as well as promotional.

Lifelong Friends. The youth club idea originated at Chicago's Central National Bank in 1967 as a way of acquainting young people with the wide range of services a bank can offer. "By extending ourselves now," explains Paul Jaffe, the officer in charge of the Chicago club, "we hope to make lifelong friends." Central National has avoided anything so flamboyant as a beer bust, but its club activities run the gamut from Caribbean cruises to courses in speed reading.

Some bankers find the club idea unappealing. "Pure gimmickry," says Vice President Eugene Callan of New York's First National City Bank. Nonetheless, banks in a dozen cities, including Detroit, Philadelphia and Denver, have started youth clubs, and others, such as Manhattan's Bankers Trust Company, expect to start enrolling members within the next year.



HOUSTONIANS IN ACAPULCO POOL.
Party right up to the teller's window.

ing variety of parties, seminars and trips. In July, 55 club members jetted to Acapulco for a weekend spree of sun and sea. Later in the month, 500 members frolicked as guests of the bank at a barbecue and beer bust. There was a reception for Singer Glen Campbell before his Houston concert and a private premiere showing of John Wayne's new movie, *True Grit*. Recognizing that club members are affluent—their average salary is more than \$10,000 a year—merchants have been vying for their patronage with tempting discounts. One restaurant gives members a free bottle of wine with dinner. Another restaurant discounts the chit by 30%.

The preferential treatment continues right up to the teller's window. Club members do business in a special section of the bank decorated in lively shades of yellow, green and blue that contrast sharply with the beige carpets and gray draperies found elsewhere. Club members pay a \$3 monthly service charge and must open accounts

AUTOS

Bargain Season

The game is about the same every year. Around August, the auto ads push a little harder and run more frequently. "Get a red-hot Buick at a red-hot price." Or: "The same performance. The same luxury. The same Chrysler. But at a final clearance price." Carmakers offer trips to Hawaii or Puerto Rico for the most successful salesmen and their wives; the salesmen smile more and persist longer with customers. That is what happens during the annual automobile "cleanup," when automakers are anxious to get rid of last year's cars and prepare the

**WE HAVE
1969 CHEVROLETS
COMING OUT OF OUR EARS**

Sale!
swingin'
deals!

**SIZZLING
SUMMER
SAVINGS**



576 CARS

MUST GO!

public for the coming year's models.

This summer's "year-end" clearance is more intense than usual. New car sales, though strong over the year, fell 12% below their 1968 pace in July and during the first ten days of August. General Motors sold 411,000 autos, off 17% from last year's level. Chrysler dropped 20%, from 166,000 to 132,000, and American Motors 12%, from 26,000 to 23,000. Only Ford bucked the trend, with sales of 251,000, up 2% over the comparable 1968 period. The industry's inventory of 1969 models increased substantially during July, to nearly 1,500,000 cars, enough for 58 days of sales at current rates.

Detroit's plans for the October introduction of 1970 models only add to the pressure on dealers to dispose of '69 cars. Next year's models will include a wide selection of new specialty sports cars and compacts. Chrysler, for example, will introduce its Challenger to do battle with Ford's still highly successful Mustang. Last week President William Luneburg announced that next year American Motors will bring out a Volkswagen-size car called the Gremlin.

Only Right, Carmakers grant rebates to dealers on autos sold during the clean-up. The average rebate is \$200, but it can run much higher on expensive models. This bonus is what enables dealers to pare prices in late summer. It is only right that the buyer pay a lower price than usual because a car sold late in the model year has already suffered a good deal of depreciation; in a few weeks it will be "last year's car," worth about \$700 less for a compact and \$2,000 less for some luxury models. During the next few weeks and months, the alert consumer can drive some hard bargains. The bargains may never live up to their billing as "the best deal yet," but there are certain guides to saving money.

► Only the naive agree to pay the window-sticker price for U.S.-made autos. The factory list price is merely the point at which bargaining can begin.

► Whatever customers agree to pay, they should beware of signing blank contracts; they are apt to find that their "bargain price" has been hiked. Last week Michigan's secretary of state suspended the license of a Detroit dealer after a buyer complained that he had been victimized. The buyer signed a blank contract after agreeing orally to pay \$5,505 for his auto, only to find later that the price had been filled in as \$6,256.

► One usually good buy is a demonstration car, which is driven by auto salesmen for test runs and sold late in the year. These cars, ordinarily well cared for and loaded with optional equipment, are generally the last to be sold, but they often go at prices well below the cleanup levels. Most dealers get a 5% rebate from the manufacturer for every mile shown on the speedometers of their demonstration cars, and they may be willing to pass on the saving to the customer. A \$3,100 Chevrolet Impala with 5,000 miles, for example, may cost the dealer only \$2,075, since he gets a \$250 allowance for the mileage on top of his usual \$775 discount on the car. One possible drawback to buying demonstration cars is that the warranty coverage has been shortened by several months while the dealer has been using it.

► Smart shoppers may also save by declining a dealer's offer to make arrangements for "on-the-spot financing." Chances are that the bank pays the dealer what amounts to a "finder's fee" for lining up the loan. The fee often amounts to \$100 on three-year loans, or enough to compensate the dealer for some cuts in the price of the auto. Buyers aware of such special ties between dealers and their banks may be able to bargain for a better sales price or simply make their own loan arrangements.

► A customer with a used car may do better by selling it privately instead of trading it in for a new car. No matter how sound the condition of the used car, dealers generally pay only rock-bottom prices, which are set at wholesale auctions. If a car's wholesale value is \$800, a dealer may offer his customer a trade-in of \$1,000. In fact, he will usually make up the difference by tacking \$200 onto the price of the new car.

► Local conditions vary considerably, but on a national basis, Chrysler and American Motors face the biggest clean-up problem. Their supply of unsold new cars, compared with the recent rate of sales, is substantially larger than that of either General Motors or Ford. Chrysler, for instance, is overstocked with both standard and top-of-the-line Plymouths and Dodges partly because G.M. has made inroads into Chrysler's share of the market among taxi and car-rental companies.

At any time of year, car buying is one of the last big bargaining battles left for consumers. Armed with the knowledge that dealers have extra flexibility at the end of model years, the auto buyer may not necessarily clean up, but he can do quite well.

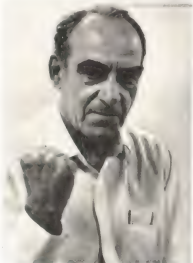
LABOR

Challenger's Round

For the past year, the once monolithic United Mine Workers union has rumbled with unrest. Dismayed by their leaders' cozy ties with the coal industry and angered by their seeming indifference to health and safety problems, miners in West Virginia walked off their jobs last winter in an unauthorized strike that supported legislation to compensate them for "black lung" ailments. Last week the rebellion moved into a new phase when Joseph A. ("Jock") Yablonski won the first round of his fight to oust W. A. ("Tony") Boyle, 64, from the \$50,000-a-year U.M.W. presidency that he has held since 1963.

Obstacle Course. Yablonski, 59, himself a member of the 140,000-member union's ruling elite, is the first serious challenger for the U.M.W. leadership since the late John L. Lewis turned back Insurgent John Brophy's bid in 1926. The raspy-voiced Pennsylvanian has served on the union's international executive board for 27 years. Earlier this year, Boyle named him acting director of the "Non-Partisan League," the union's powerful political arm. Yablonski's announcement of his candidacy last May cost him that job.

Yablonski's road to nomination has resembled an obstacle course. The union leadership denied him access to its membership lists until a federal district court ordered them opened up. The fortnightly *Mine Workers Journal*, which carried no fewer than 30 pictures of Boyle in one recent 24-page issue, has ignored his candidacy. Some Yablonski supporters have been threatened with violence or loss of their jobs or pensions. Yablonski himself required a doctor's care after an unknown assailant nearly disabled him with a karate chop on his neck while he was campaigning last month in Springfield, Ill., a Boyle strong-



U.M.W.'s YABLONSKI
New depths of discontent.

hold. "I was knocked unconscious," says Yablonski. "When I woke up, my arms were paralyzed. My right hand and right foot are still numb."

Despite such harassment, Yablonski managed to win the endorsement of 96 U.M.W. locals, 46 more than he needs to assure himself of a place on the ballot in the union's Dec. 9 election. Boyle was nominated by 1,056 locals. Yablonski plans to push for democratization of what he calls "the most notoriously dictatorial labor union in America." In three detailed complaints filed with the Labor Department, Yablonski has accused the union of "flagrant" and "continuous" violations of federal laws that are intended to assure democratic process in union elections. Among the charges: fraud, trickery, bribery, embezzlement and illegal use of union funds to promote Boyle's candidacy. So far, the Labor Department has taken no action on the complaints.

Costly Misjudgment. The union's members are also challenging their leaders. Two weeks ago, 78 miners and miners' widows filed suit against the U.M.W. in federal court, asking for \$75 million in damages. They charged the U.M.W. with conspiring with its welfare fund, with the union-owned National Bank of Washington and with the Bituminous Coal Operators Association to defraud them of their pensions through fiscal mismanagement and the manipulation of union funds for private gain.

Like Yablonski's challenge, the miners' suit demonstrates the depth of the coal miners' discontent with a union that has lost touch with its members. "Tony Boyle and his associates thought they owned the union," said Yablonski after his nomination victory last week. "Now at long last he knows he misjudged the men who belong to this union." Although election odds are in now favor Boyle, dissatisfaction among rank-and-file miners is still growing. The price of Boyle's misjudgment could yet be his job.

WEST GERMANY

Work Is Not a Four-Letter Word

While other Europeans may excel in *joie de vivre*, the Germans find their *joy in Arbeit*—the seemingly insatiable desire to work, no matter what. That partly explains why West Germany's 26 million workers hardly ever strike, and why Germany's economy and currency have gained such envied strength. In Bonn, the Federal Statistics Office has reported that only 36 strikes occurred in West Germany last year. The number of striking workers was 25,167, of whom 23,836 walked off the job for less than a week, many for just a few hours. As a result, only 25,249 man-days of labor were lost.

The German totals were by far the lowest for any industrial country. By contrast, Britain had 2,362 strikes and a loss of 4,692,000 man-days, and the U.S. had 5,045 stoppages, which caused a loss of 49 million man-days.



QUINTANA (POINTING) AT CONSTRUCTION SITE
Floating like a ship on subsoil.

MEXICO

Quintana's Box

Mexico City sits upon a reclaimed lake, and for centuries it has slowly been sinking into the spongy soil. Buildings along the same block often settle at differing speeds, and streets also sink at random. The famed Palacio de Bellas Artes, where American tourists fight for tickets to the Ballet Folklórico, has dropped nine feet since it was completed in 1934. Considering its flimsy underpinnings, Mexico City is a particularly treacherous locale in which to construct a subway.

Despite such obstacles, the city is building the world's highest (elevation: 7,349 ft.) underground transit system. Later this month President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz is to dedicate the first ten-mile stretch of the \$300 million, 26-mile network. Then French-built, orange-colored trains with rubber tires will start rolling along the tracks at three-minute intervals. For months, proud Mexicans have been lining up on Sunday afternoons by the thousands to gawk at the project and its artfully decorated stations, including one built around an Aztec pyramid unearthed during the excavations. They have dubbed the subway "el Cajón" (the Box), from the shape of the concrete tunnel that encases it.

That shape, and the ingenious engineering that made the project feasible, is the handiwork of Mexico's largest builder, Bernardo Quintana. His box tunnel literally floats like a ship on subsoil that is 80% water. The trick was to remove precisely the right weight of soil and water without undermining buildings alongside the right of way. To do so, Quintana first built sidewalls for a trench, then removed the muck between them through a complex electroosmosis process of his own devising. The roof to form a tunnel came last. By the

time the whole subway is completed in November 1970, it should accommodate 3,600,000 passengers a day and provide some relief for residents who now get trapped in the city's Tokyo-like traffic snarls.

Mother Hen. The work was started in mid-1967 by Quintana's Ingenieros Civiles Asociados (ICA), which owns outright or has an interest in 33 firms in Mexico. The ICA group employs 30,000 people, more than any other private enterprise in Mexico, and had sales of \$220 million last year, the equivalent of 1% of the country's gross national product. Outside Mexico, it is engaged in heavy construction work in Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua.

Quintana, 49, started ICA 22 years ago with shoestring capital of \$8,000 and the cooperation of 16 fellow engineers aged 23 to 28. He staked the firm's future on a public-housing project and completed the job ahead of schedule. He thus began a close association with the government, which remains ICA's best customer.

Soon realizing that virtually all construction equipment had to be bought abroad, Quintana expanded by setting up, by himself or in cooperation with foreign firms, other companies to manufacture the materials and machinery he needed. Says Quintana: "ICA has become a mother-hen company that creates everything and has its own chickens and eggs around it." Among the results of that policy are Industria del Hierro, a machinery producer in Querétaro, and partnerships with a dozen European and U.S. firms—including Link-Belt Speeder Co., now a division of FMC Corp. of California.

Stable Partnerships. As a builder, Quintana has constructed hundreds of miles of highway and a dozen dams in Mexico, including the 720,000-kw. El Infiernillo power project on the country's southwest coast. He also served as the

main contractor for building the Sports Palace for the 1968 Olympic Games. Partnership with a stable government, in the hands of the same political party for more than 30 years, has paid off handsomely.

When Mexico bought 66% of the Mexican affiliate of Pan American Sulphur Co. in 1967, Quintana was one of four businessmen invited to share 35% of the investment. Now that Mexico seeks to develop its own oil industry, Quintana is reaching out again. He will provide all the drilling equipment for the venture.

MINING

Nationalization in Zambia

Addressing a political rally a year ago, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda insisted that he had no intention of nationalizing the foreign-owned copper mines that account for 95% of his country's export income and half of its government revenues. Said Kaunda: "The copper mines are big business—too big for us."

Last week Kaunda made it clear that Zambian ambitions have grown. Clad in his usual khaki bush suit, he told 400 cheering members of the ruling United National Independence Party that he was "asking" the owners of the mines to give 51% of their shares to the state. "I do not think," he said, "that the nation can achieve economic independence without acquiring full control of the existing mines."

Delayed Payment. Chiefly affected by Kaunda's "request" will be the Roan Selection Trust, Ltd., 43% of which is owned by Manhattan-based American Metal Climax, Inc., and Anglo American Corp. of South Africa Ltd. In addition to taking over controlling interests in the firms, Zambia will substitute 25-year leases for their existing leases "in perpetuity," and replace the present 44% royalty and export tax with a 51% mineral tax. The nationalized companies' holdings have a book value of about \$784 million. Kaunda expects to pay shareholders for their loss entirely out of future copper profits. These are already so heavily taxed that even if dividends are maintained at their present level, the Zambian government can hope to realize only \$5,000,000 a year from the two companies' \$1.1 billion-a-year sales of copper. Thus the final payoff could be delayed for decades.

Both political and economic pressures lie behind Kaunda's move. Zambia, the former British colony of Northern Rhodesia, remains uncomfortably dependent upon white-dominated Rhodesia for trade and electric power. The cost of living is soaring and abrasive tensions between Zambia's blacks and whites (who constitute 1.5% of the population), are on the rise. Recognizing the importance of the mines to his country, Kaunda met two years ago with Chile's President Eduardo Frei to discuss an arrangement to help maintain world copper prices and quotas. Although no

price-fixing agreement resulted from their talks, Frei's nationalization of the Chilean copper industry, beginning in 1967, probably stimulated Kaunda to take a similar step in Zambia.

Risky Action. Kaunda's action entails serious risks for his country. Zambia has neither the capital nor the skills to run the mines by itself. Kaunda must rely heavily on both the companies and their remaining 5,000 white miners to keep operations going. Only the steadily rising price of copper, now at a high of 74¢ per pound, has enabled Zambia to maintain a favorable balance of payments in recent years. Any decline in copper prices as a result of an end of the war in Viet Nam, the discovery of new sources, or the increased use of other minerals, would hit Zambia hard.

Zambia's action also creates problems



PRESIDENT KAUNDA
Ambitions have grown.

for other underdeveloped countries, which need foreign venture capital in order to develop both their resources and their economies. Although Chile made arrangements to pay the owners of expropriated American firms for their losses in three years, foreign investors have been understandably slow to sink new funds into operations there. Peru's military junta has frightened outside investors by its seizure of International Petroleum Co.'s properties last October. The U.S.-owned Southern Peru Copper Corp., which was ready to invest \$350 million to develop its copper ore concession a year ago, now seems less interested in expansion, and is refraining from committing itself until it has a better idea of the junta's plans.

Zambia's greatest damage will probably be to itself. The country needs private investment capital, and, as New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller said on his recent South American tour, "investment capital likes to go where it is loved." Kaunda's action can only encourage potential Zambian investors to go elsewhere in search of affection.

MILESTONES

Married. Claire Bloom, 38, stage and screen actress, currently starring with ex-husband Rod Steiger in *3 into 2 Won't Go*; and Hillard Elkins, 39, producer of off-Broadway's nudist new revue, *Oh! Calcutta!*; she for the second time, he for the fourth; in Manhattan.

Married. The Most Rev. James P. Shannon, 48, recently resigned Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop of St. Paul and Minneapolis; and Ruth Wilkinson, 50, a longtime friend and lifetime Protestant (see RELIGION).

Divorced. Carroll Baker, 38, Hollywood's aging Baby Doll, most recently in *Sweet Bird of Deborah*; and Jack Garfin, 39, sometime director (*The Strange One*); after 14 years of marriage, two children; in Los Angeles.

Died. William Goetz, 66, movie producer and studio executive; in Los Angeles. A son-in-law of Movie Tycoon Louis B. Mayer, Goetz helped found both 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International before striking out on his own in 1954. His hits included *Sayonara*, *The Song of Bernadette*, *Winchester '73*, and he was among the first with the now common practice—idea of giving top stars a percentage of the profits from their pictures.

Died. Count Court Haugwitz Reventlow, 73, former Danish nobleman, second of Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton's seven husbands and father of her only son, remembered for the violent custody battle for years after their marriage broke up in 1938; of heart disease; in Manhattan.

Died. Lieut. General George Stratemeyer, 78, one of the country's foremost air tacticians; of a heart attack; in Orlando, Fla. A veteran of the Burma and China campaigns during World War II, Stratemeyer pushed hard for a strong peacetime Air Force, and as commander in the Far East during the Korean War, he quickly established U.N. air superiority over the Communists.

Died. Leonard Woolf, 88, author, editor and husband of Novelist Virginia Woolf; of a stroke; in Rodmell, England. His Hogarth Press published not only his wife's novels but also poetry of T. S. Eliot, Freud's *Collected Papers*, and works of E. M. Forster and Robert Graves. Woolf's five-part autobiography (last volume to be published this fall) is considered a monument to a generation reared in peace, stunned by World War I and the great Depression, yet remaining optimistic that a new age of reason would dawn. In one anecdote, he recalls a day in 1939, when his wife called him to hear Hitler making a speech. "I shouted back: 'I shan't come. I'm planting iris and they will be flowering long after he is dead.'"

The revolt of Saul LeVine

Maybe he won't go down in history with the Boston Tea Party or Shays' Rebellion, but Saul LeVine is a hero.

To all who have ever waited longer for their luggage than their first offspring, Saul is golden.

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Saul's company, Stearns Manufacturing, Flat Rock, Michigan, makes Transi-Tread Conveyor Systems for speeding people, luggage, materials and cargo through air terminals.

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BOOKS



GREENE IN HAVANA

More revealing of self than subject.

Studies in Black and Grey

COLLECTED ESSAYS by Graham Greene.
463 pages Viking. \$7.95

It is a measure of Graham Greene's talent as a novelist that he has personalized his theological preoccupations in provocative fictions and made them seem fascinating, various and relevant to a secular age. Just how consistent and dogged Greene's grasp upon his own certainties is may also be observed in this collection of character sketches and literary criticism—not always in ways calculated to enhance his reputation for balanced judgment. Greene writes about the great dead, among them James, Conrad and Hardy, and steadily mines their graves for texts on death, damnation and moral corruption. By compulsively and compassionately visiting his own moral preoccupations upon the life and art of others, he often more truly reveals himself than his subject.

In an essay on the great 19th-century explorers, Greene writes: "The imagination has its own geography." It also has its own chronology. For Greene, his real world was defined by childhood and early sorrow, and nothing much has happened since he was 14. "A child knows most of the game," he says reflectively, "it is only an attitude to it that he lacks. He is quite well aware of cowardice, shame, deception, disappointment."

In Greene's view, conditions do not improve as man grows up. As the most famous of the trio of British literary converts (the others: Evelyn Waugh and Muriel Spark), Greene is a Catholic of Augustinian severity, more conscious of

evil than of grace. "Human nature," he asserts, here as in his novels, "is not black and white but black and grey."

It is to Greene's credit that as a critic, he is hardly a literary man at all—in the sense that he cares nothing for fashion. He is not a tastemaker or trend spotter; he writes on Walter de la Mare but is virtually silent on Joyce; he has nothing to say to the audience of Susan Sontag, which is most unlikely to admire Robert Louis Stevenson, a Greene favorite. For him the old standby: James' *The Spoils of Poynton* and Conrad's *Victory* are "two of the great English novels of the last fifty years." James is "as solitary in the history of the novel as Shakespeare in the history of poetry." It is not the brilliant surface and subtlety of James that attracts Greene, of course, but the underlying anguish, the "hidden books" behind "the façade of his public life." In an essay that no one else could have written, Greene claims James as a literary brother because, as Greene sees it, James also believed in the victory of evil in this world. Greene, in fact, almost succeeds in a posthumous conversion of the Old Master to Rome.

With similar logic he puts down Somerset Maugham, not for sickness but for lacking a religious sense. Maugham, he writes, is an agnostic "forced to minimize—pain, vice, the importance of his fellowmen. He cannot believe in a God who punishes and he cannot therefore believe in the importance of a human action." Like Greene himself, Maugham often explored the old British theme of the Imperial dropout, the white-man-going-to-hell-in-the-tropics. But Maugham's doomed colonials could not go to hell—they could only go to the dogs.

Meaningful Deterioration. There is never any doubt about the geography of Greene's imagination. It is in the tropics, inimical to man, where decisive and meaningful deterioration occurs or is resisted. Greene rather blames Ronald Knox, famous convert and translator of the Bible, for having spent a cloistered life rather than diving like his obscure Anglican grandfather in "the dirty upper room of a Goanese grog shop." Fidel Castro, as jungle hero, he finds sympathetic: "This man, so Pauline in his labours and in his escapes from suturing and death."

Anything offensive to complacent bourgeois morality and materialism has a claim on Greene's highly singular sympathies—a strong contributing cause to Greene's distaste for the U.S. character, which is liable to pop up petulantly on any occasion. America, after all, is a place where leprosy, torture, martyrdoms, squalor and fear are not thought to be the common lot of man, and Americans, in their base way, are content that this should be so.

Like many an ultrasophisticated man,

Greene is at his most persuasive when evoking the provocative memories of youth, particularly in a famous essay, "The Lost Childhood," which dwells on the numerous delights of childhood reading. H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, Captain Gilson's *The Pirate Aeroplane*, Anthony (The Prisoner of Zenda) Hope's *Sophy of Kravania* and Marjorie Bowen's *The Viper of Milan* were among Greene's favorites. The shape of villainy, the sense of impending doom soon intrude. Captain Gilson's book was dominated by a bad "Yankee pirate with an aeroplane like a box kite and bombs the size of tennis balls." *The Viper*, he admits, gave him a permanent vision of "perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures that after all in the end justice is done." It was Miss Bowen too, apparently, who seduced him into writing. "One could not read her," he remembers, "without believing that to write was to live and to enjoy, and before one had discovered one's mistake it was too late."

Lost in the Stacks

PAIRING OFF by Julian Moynahan. 252 pages William Morrow. \$5.95

Julian Moynahan is one of those novelists who are cursed with a shorter attention span than their readers. His style is to restlessly gad about—from character to character, from scene to scene—always in the name of art, of course. Between the lines one can almost hear him learnedly murmuring the standard excuse: "Just reflecting the fragmentation of contemporary experience..."

Stuff and nonsense, or sheer blarney. For Moynahan, though he is currently disguised as an English professor at Rut-



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gers, is really one of those nonstop Irish-American storytellers, the kind that hold Boston barrooms at bay with: "Wait! Wait, boys! And then there's the one about . . ."

What Moynahan pretends to be writing this time is still another crisis-of-identity novel. His purported anti-hero, Myles McCormick, floats adrift and lost in the rare-books stacks of the Boston Free Library. (Moynahan once worked at the Boston Public Library.)

Myles is one of those feckless mid-thirties adolescents whom employers classify as "Out of circulation" and women stamp "Overdue." Naturally, Moynahan can no more keep his attention on salvaging poor Myles than Myles can himself. Forever slipping away into puns and put-ons, the antic professor becomes cheerfully obsessed by the minor oddballs he invents.

And why not? What reader will have eyes for mild, muddled Myles when confronted with a clutch of scene stealers like these? Lou Doxiades: an amateur philosopher with the soul of a benign procurer who imports waiters from Athens for Boston restaurants. And Dr. Petkov: a Bulgarian scholar who has spent his life preparing, but not writing, a biography of Chester A. Arthur.

Between these literary vaudeville acts, Moynahan vamps with stand-up monologues on the purpose of libraries and the function of the city planner. Or he stages set-piece black situation-comedy scenes, like Myles' forlorn pastoral picnic on the shores of Walden Pond, now carpeted with beer cans.

Sure, and when Moynahan ends a story, he ends it. But it's a pity he has to go through the formal motions of writing a novel at all. At its free-form best, *Pairing Off* is an Irish happening—as luckily disorganized as a good St. Patrick's Day parade.

What Makes Siam Run

SIAM MIAMI by Morris Renek. 448 pages. Macmillan. \$6.95.

It is a cliché of U.S. fiction that the lust for power, fame and money destroys the integrity of anyone scrambling to the top, especially in the entertainment world. The heroine of Morris Renek's strong second novel seems, at first glance, to be fanned to the cliché. Sexy, bright and beautiful, she is determined to make it big as a popular singer any way she can. She succeeds. What is more extraordinary, so does Renek, somehow using a sentimental and unpromising plot to explore the nature of power, the exploitation of sex and some of the redeeming qualities of the human spirit.

An uninhibited Midwesterner from a solid middle-class family, the girl chooses her professional name, Siam Miami, for its exotic, Oriental and slightly Jewish flavor. But she cannot choose the track she runs on or the sordid crew of middlemen and managers who exploit her. Chief among them is Stewart




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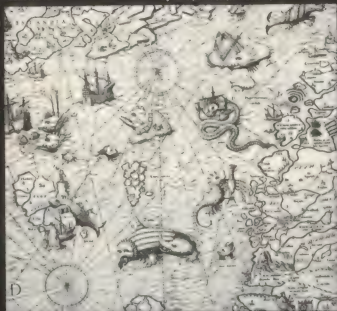
Whatever the reason, do you have an opinion about what should be done to correct it? It's important that you do . . . and that you make your opinions and ideas known, where they can influence decisions on legislation. So put what you think on paper, and send it to your public officials, federal, state or local.

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MORRIS RENEK

How to sell yourself and save yourself?

Dodge, who has 50% of Siam's contract. He also has had her body, and is bent on taking over her soul. In an odd struggle, he almost destroys his singer and nearly ruins his own empire in order to revenge himself upon the one thing he lacks the power to corrupt—the girl's inner integrity.

What makes Siam Miami run is a compulsive need for some sort of great personal achievement—despite the odds against her in a field that is far from fastidious. Neither dumb enough nor callous enough to be a mere commodity, she is nevertheless badly equipped to deal with that old dilemma—how to sell yourself and save yourself at the same time. Sex equals money equals power seems to be a simple enough show-business equation. But even in this crocodile world, as Renek shows, personal feelings and gestures intruding at the wrong time suddenly shift the balance of power—a smile of appreciation at an inopportune stage of contract negotiations, or the loss of aggressive edge through private preoccupation, can be a minor disaster. In show business, Siam's psychiatrist suggests, the cost of success to the aspiring individual is protective deformity. "These men and women," says the doctor, "have derangements that successfully fit them for their occupations. Cure an executive and you lower his income. Their mink-lined psychosis is one of the country's sacred mental illnesses because it helps keep the status quo."

Eventually, Siam succeeds in denying the analyst's hypothesis by not becoming deformed, and her courage makes her a memorable heroine. Unflinchingly viewing the psychology behind the glamour industry's power plays without seeming to drown in the uglier aspects of

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human behavior, interlacing his pathos with satiric toughness, Author Renek proves that you can write a nuanced novel in the harsh shadow cast by formulaized fiction.

The Fourth Horseman

THE BLACK DEATH by Philip Ziegler. 319 pages, John Day, \$6.95.

THE BLACK DEATH: 1347 by George Deaux. 229 pages, Weybright & Talley, \$7.50.

The horror was too great to catch and hold with words, but a Welsh poet named Iwan Gethin set down some measure of it: "We see death coming into our midst like black smoke, a plague which cuts off the young, a rootless phantom which has no mercy for fair countenance . . . It is seething, terrible, where-

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ever it may come, a head that gives pain and causes a loud cry, a burden carried under the arms, a painful angry knob . . ." The phantom he described was bubonic plague, the Black Death that reached Sicily from the East in 1347 and within three years killed nearly half the population of Europe.

There were other steady-eyed observers who also described correctly the buboes, or underarm swellings, that told of death in five or six days, and the congested lungs of the even deadlier pneumonic form of the plague that killed within two or three days. Gethin's lament is remarkable because it makes the pain and terror vivid 600 years later. The authors of these two books on the Black Death mention the consistently abstract, numb quality of most contemporary chronicles.

Not that details are lacking; there are too many details, piled like bodies. The Rhone River was consecrated by Pope Clement VI so that corpses could be thrown into it: the living abandoned virtue in one town and sin in another;



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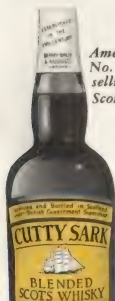
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doctors and clergymen fled and hid at their country estates, or they stayed courageously with the dying and died themselves. Columns of flagellants, convinced by the Death that God had found them guilty, marched through German towns whipping themselves. Jews were accused of causing the plague by poisoning wells and were burned in their ghettos. But the emotions—then as now—can only touch and feel a single death, or the death of an entire family. At the death of half an Italian village, or half a continent, emotion withdraws, and the mind is left numbing numbers.

Partly for this reason, neither of these new histories is satisfactory. Each uses the same contemporary accounts, though each author clearly senses their inadequacy. Deaux, a sometime novelist who now teaches English at Tennessee University, is useful only for the material borrowed from the past between quotation marks (including Petrarch's moving account of the death of his love, Laura, struck down by the plague). Author Zieeler, a former British diplomat, confronted with the numbness induced by the contemplation of too much death, simply dives into his papers and surfaces with another forty facts.

Still, a patient reader can find what he needs to know from Zieeler. He tells the grisly stories—how the Tartars besieged a Crimean port, for instance, catapulting the corpses of their own plague-stricken comrades over the city walls to infect the defenders. But he also writes clearly of dry demography. A deadly series of floods and bad harvests had left much of Europe's population ill nourished and more susceptible to plague. And he is able enough in suggesting some of the plague's historic results. It permanently helped weaken the authority of the Catholic Church in a way important to the Reformation: priests had proved unable to protect themselves or their people from what was widely assumed to be God's vengeance. By lowering the value of land—because there were few workers left to till it—and raising the price of labor, the death toll also helped bring to an end the old system of feudal villenage.

How Awful, How Good

A WALK THROUGH BRITAIN by John Hillaby 278 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

John Hillaby is one of those slightly cracked Englishmen who insist on doing something remarkable largely in order to write a delightful book about how awful it was. At the age of 50, and more out of curiosity than a sense of competition ("For me the question was not whether it could be done, but whether I could do it"), he undertook a 1,100-mile hike from one end of Britain to the other. In the course of it, he managed to be fogbound on Dartmoor, musclebound in Bristol and sodden in Somerset. He was rained upon almost

everywhere (though not, oddly, at a place in Scotland called Hill of Drip), making clear why one of the few Gaelic words he picked up en route was *fluch*. It is pronounced, he says, "floo-cht" and it means "wet."

Hillaby is a traveler and science writer. Apart from his legs, his greatest strength lies in a command of natural science and history, and a dry, witty style. He blends sharp observation of topography, birds and beasts with an unusual feeling for the ancient human chronicle of a land inhabited for thousands of years. On a vast British army artillery range in Redesdale, for instance, he pointed out to a brigadier that Romans had operated large catapults in exactly the same spot 1,600 years earlier.

Hillaby is, in fact, less a misfortune



HILLABY AFOOT IN SCOTLAND
The fittestest word was "fluch."

hunter than a celebrator of individuality. Slogging along at a rate of 20 miles or so a day, he achieved an extraordinary vision of a piebald Britain steadfastly conserving regional idiosyncrasies. He found Scottish Lowlanders employing litigation as a modern substitute for clan feuds, Welshmen thinking more about "minstrels, ash trees and scansion" than anything else, Cornish gypsies habitually "poovin' the grays" (pasturing their horses at night in somebody else's field). At the Hare and Hounds in Chipshop, Devon, the customers like to sing hymns while they drink, and one night, they moved over to the church and helped out the choir. "A good time was had by all," the pub keeper told Hillaby, "including, I imagine, the Lord." After so much local color, the author was only mildly disappointed to discover on finally reaching John o' Groat's that the photographic concession there was owned by the same man as at Land's End.

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and keep your
collins dry!



The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.